

The TATLER

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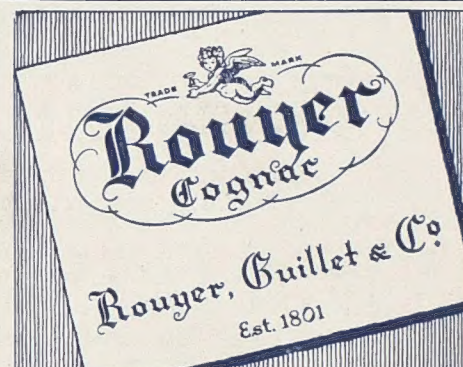
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These impressed me most on revisiting Switzerland this summer; even more than the beauty of lake and peak, the richness of sub-Alpine meadows, the graphic presentation of the everyday life of a friendly, likeable people in the Zürich National Exhibition.

Switzerland is an enigma—almost a joke. Here is a small-brother country of some 4,300,000 inhabitants, just over half the population of Greater London; 16,000 square miles, roughly twice the area of Wales and mostly mountain at that.

It comprises three distinct races—German, French, Italian in origin; speaks four languages, including the odd bit of Romansh; has two diverse religious faiths, Protestant and Catholic; lacks iron, coal, oil, all essential raw materials, both for peace and war. Its people are

stoutly democratic; and on two of its frontiers are Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, dominating 150,000,000 people. It is in the centre of the present political upheaval. Rival ideologies growl and bark all round it; sabres rattle, bayonets flash, guns glower, tanks roar, bomber and fighter squadrons prowl the skies.

It possesses insignificantly few of the monstrous machines of war which make its mighty neighbours vast armed forts equipped on a war footing.

It cannot accept guarantees or enter into defensive alliances because of its strict neutrality.

It must rely on itself. . . .
According to all the rules of the game it should be the windiest, nerviest spot in central Europe. . . ."

In this interesting article Trevor Allen tells us how Switzerland will defend her neutrality if it ever becomes necessary.

One of the many instructive and entertaining articles appearing in the September issue of "Britannia and Eve."

OTHER FEATURES INCLUDE

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones.
An unusual air story timed during the September crisis . . . and a meek stranger who saves the day.

SHE WANTED DIAMONDS

By Howard Spring.
A film-struck girl plays a real film scene without realising it . . . and gets rewarded.

WHEN ELSPETH BUCHAN HEARD THE CALL

Written and Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.
Again Fortunino Matania's vivid powers of description take us back to days of old. This time we go to Scotland, in the eighteenth century, to follow Elspeth Buchan and her new religion.

THE DARK TRAIL

By Allan Vaughan Elston.
Catterson knew his liberty was in danger, and his only fear was a blind man and a dog groping through a wilderness to the law, but the best-laid plans. . . .

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup.
Four pages of the latest autumn fashions. Two pages of slick new hats . . . Two pages of frocks, suits, day and evening gowns by famous designers.

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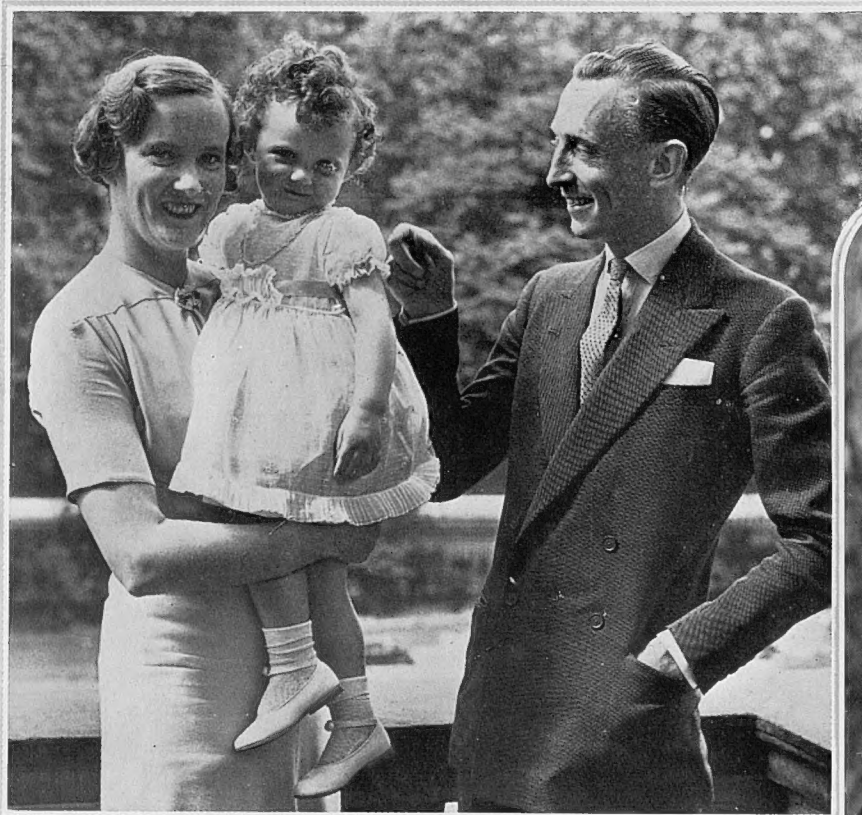
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THE PRINCE EDWARD AND THE PRINCESS MARGARET

The above is surely one of the happiest and prettiest child studies that has ever been taken and will be a memento for all time of the children of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The picture was secured at St. Margaret's Bay where the children were during their parents' absence on a short tour on the Continent. According to present arrangements Prince Edward and Princess Margaret accompany the Duke and Duchess of Kent to Australia when H.R.H. departs to take up his appointment as Governor-General in October



LORD AND LADY HERBERT AND THEIR DAUGHTER
ON THE BALCONY OF THEIR LONDON HOUSE

When the Duke and Duchess of Kent take up their residence at Government House, Canberra, in the autumn, T.R.H.s' staff will include Lord Herbert as Equerry and Lady Herbert as Lady-in-Waiting. According to present arrangements Lord and Lady Pembroke's son and daughter-in-law will take both their children, the Hon. Diana Mary Herbert, who is four months younger than Princess Alexandra, and the Hon. Henry George Charles Alexander Herbert, born this year and a godson of His Royal Highness. Lady Herbert, the former Lady Mary Hope, is the Viceroy of India's only sister

THIS week and next I share my flying visit to Norway with you; an expurgated diary from the Inter-Parliamentary Conference at Oslo, which I hope will make what publishers call holiday fare. I left the holiday fare at Deauville where Madame Joerggen Bagge and her ex-polo-player husband (who had Lady Kathleen Rollo staying with them one weekend) gave a lunch for Madame Paul Dubonnet, *dans l'intimité* of their villa, and where Mr. Herman Huffer, an American Chamberlain to the late Pope, gave another at the Cercle (long-founded racing club, not a new restaurant!) for the Fermoyes and the Gray Hortons who were *en route* for Monte Carlo, whither Major Frank Goldsmith has returned from Trouville, where his children swell the Roches Noires kindergarten. On hearing of my Norway project, this dreamy hotel magnate remarked—"I was in

And the World Said—



LADY LAVINIA DUNDAS

Yevonde

A delightful representation of the second daughter of the Secretary of State for India and Burma, with her devoted spaniel, Roy. Like every member of Lord and Lady Zetland's family of five, Lady Lavinia Dundas loves the game in which the Aske spots feature so prominently. Other outdoor sports and pastimes also appeal to her



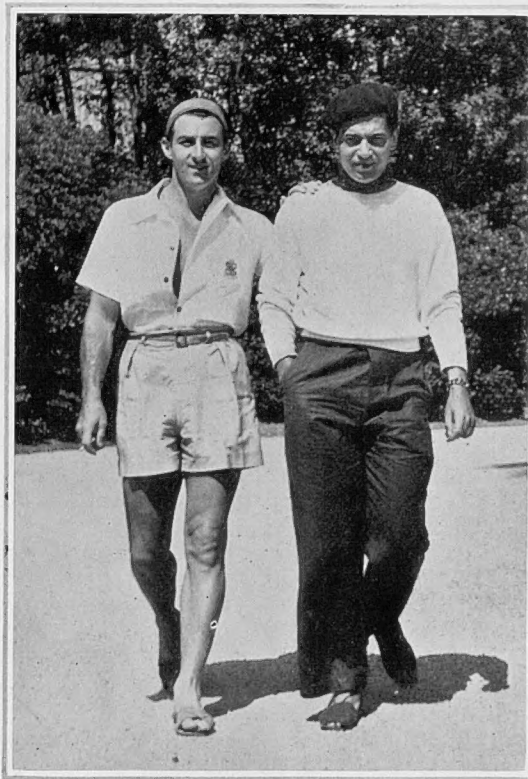
GROUSE DRIVING IN MORAYSHIRE

Sutherland

Sir George Macpherson-Grant's shooting party on the Ballindalloch moors where birds are plentiful and good bags being got. Sitting: Mrs. Powell and Mr. J. D. Waddell. Standing (from left): Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, Captain G. S. L. Whitelaw, Captain Powell, Sir Edmund Findlay, M.P., Mr. Arthur Streek, Major "Geoff" Harbord, Colonel Prior, and the host. Sir George Macpherson-Grant, of Ballindalloch Castle, Invereshie House, and Old Milton, is a member of H.M.'s. Body Guard for Scotland. Sir Edmund Findlay represents Banff, his home county, at Westminster

Oslo the other day; in 1898." In 1939 the journey is amazingly swift by K.L.M. from London, or Paris, with a change at Amsterdam. The bus to Le Bourget shaved a few straws from a hay wagon ambling into Paris in the early sunshine. I have never met a haycart between Croydon and Brixton, but then we are a nation of shopkeepers. In the waiting-room were Sir Clive Morrison-Bell and his younger daughter who has a nice, broad brow but looks no more like her tall, blonde sister, Shelagh, than Mrs. Mary Ashley resembles Lady Louis Mountbatten. We are in the air now, being offered a choice of free morning papers—a good

habit copied from American trains. Below is a pattern of enormous fields and forests, like green tweed rugs. Before you can say "Jack Robinson" (who is playing polo at Deauville), the Aisne serpents below, then the Oise, and a few minutes later the Sambre. If rivers have souls as Hilaire Belloc believes, these must vibrate to physical agony, having run with blood in many wars. The artists of the future will often paint from the skies; birds-eye views and cloud castles of particular interest to escapists. Nothing is more misleading than to tell those who have not flown that the ground merely looks like a map. The earth unfolds like a parable. Half-forgotten lessons in history, geography and geology coalesce, and looking out of your little window the mind's eye no longer sees them through a glass darkly—a dimension has been added to human comprehension. Nearing Brussels the shale heaps are slate grey molehills, not pinkish pyramids like the bins of Midlothian, dear to this cynic for Auld lang syne. We are down among the dustless, unfurled life of the junction, as impersonal and efficient as a blood transfusion. The American pilot stretches his legs, shows perfect teeth and the Palace of Justice dome; says aviation is more fun in Europe, less red-tape, but the landing-fields are mostly punk; promises to fly lowish over Antwerp because it's a swell old place. Now the Belgian trees stand apart like soldiers on the square at Waterloo. We have crossed the invisible frontier and are touching down at Rotterdam, where workmen's garden suburbs number among the best in Europe, big blocks gay with sunblinds and washing on pulleys flapping well away from the windows,



BALLET CELEBRITIES

British-born Anton Dolin and Russian Serge Lifar, two of the biggest names in today's ballet world, strolling in the gardens of the Grand Hotel at Cannes. Serge Lifar's dancing and choreographic activities are mainly confined to the Paris Opera House these days but he starred at Drury Lane last year

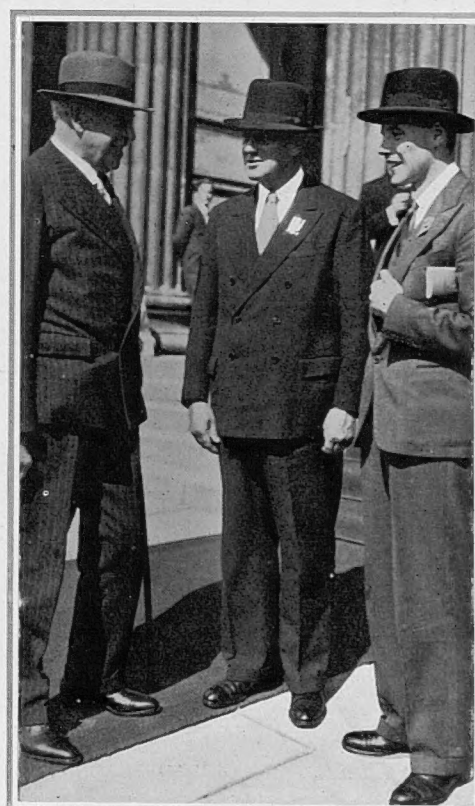
broker "Doc" Holden, and gardener, sporting art patron and good companion Harvey S. Ladew, who says the "S" now stands for Lindbergh, and why didn't his English friends throw ticker tape and tear up telephone directories to give him a hero's welcome?). Rocky islets trimmed with dark green scrub and light-houses, not unlike the North Berwick view, herald the Norwegian coast; then pine-wooded undulations and we are down at Kristiansand, walking on champagne air to a wooden *chalet* with our passports, watched by lint-haired children. Lord Davies, who is going to tell the conference that "a durable peace can only be founded on justice," lights his pipe. Twenty-four hours earlier, this Liberal idealist, philanthropic coal-owner and country gentleman, who does not often catch the limelight because he makes no pretence of avoiding it, was in a Yorkshire butt. He enquires the form of Lord Teynham who is also going to make a speech. I volunteer that the former "Chris" Roper-Curzon made a very good speech in the Upper House t'other day. "Did you hear it?" queries his Lordship. I had not. The moral is second-hand impressions are worthless. That is why I spend a great deal of money and energy on globe-trotting, to give you new scenes, new people, new angles—in short, news. The day of the social columnist who writes in terms of "The Duchess looked sweet in pink," is over; or should be. Oslo without one bump! The Arthurs are there to greet us; Colonel Evans, chairman



IN CONFERENCE AT OSLO

When the thirty-fifth Inter-Parliamentary Conference opened recently at Oslo, members of the Inter-Parliamentary Council (a permanent body), wore top hats. Here are Colonel Arthur Evans, M.P. (South Cardiff), chairman of the British Delegation, Senator James Crosbie, of the Eire Senate, and Mr. F. Fahy, Speaker of the Dail

like Monday in Edinburgh High Street. Up again and the game of counting white windmills begins. Is anything more innocent than a windmill? The fields are small oblongs edged with water which glints like a smart mirror frame. An industriously cultivated, rich country (not water-logged as well it might be), every inch planted with vegetables and flowers, the greenhouse panes glittering like *baguettes* heavily set in the modern fashion. Amsterdam Airport has the usual open-air café, with sensible glass wind-screens. Good-humoured descendants of Rembrandt's burghers, wearing stuffy dark clothes, are struggling sideways into planes for Paris, London, Oslo. A tulip man is crying his wares, but K.L.M. organization is such that we are transferred to another plane and making for the North Sea before I can buy any. The great new dam across the IJsemeer recalls the proud Dutch boast: "God made the world but we made Holland." Soon only a chain of islands, linked by sandbanks, remains below us guarding the shore like submarines traced in sand by a neolithic child. In the heat-hazy east is the German frontier, drawn between the islands, and way beyond is Rutzen where Elizabeth, of German Garden fame, spent a pre-Great War summer. The long sea miles are boring although we should pass the exact site of the Battle of Jutland, *alias* Skaggerak. The Atlantic must be even duller—(Clipper arrivals include playboy-



BRITISH DELEGATES

Sir Richard Meller, M.P., Commander Arthur Marsden, M.P., and Mr. R. Porritt, M.P., were also at the Inter-Parliamentary Conference, Mr. Porritt (Heywood and Radcliffe), being the youngest member of the British Delegation. Sir Richard Meller is Mitcham's M.P., Commander Marsden represents Chertsey

And the World said—*continued*

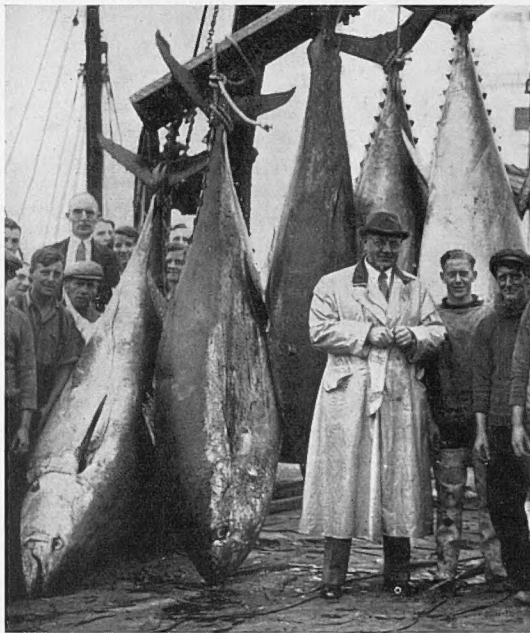
of the British Delegation, who is waving his Chamberlain, and Commander Marsden, whose constituency includes Wentworth (Virginia Water, not Wodehouse), making nautical signs. The sun shines on pine trees, boats, water, flowers in profusion, and then a spotless city, as we drive to the Bristol, where the servants speak careful English with a Caithness accent. The water is so soft that soap behaves like Lux. Informal proceedings begin with a cocktail party given by the Chairman at which the local eats are a meal in themselves. Mr. Rhys Davies, the Member for Westhoughton, who used to be a collier in one of Lord Davies's mines (and says, "He's the best rich mon I know") shares a table with his former employer and is soon telling glorious Welsh stories to a chosen few. These lead to ex-Hansard howlers which have made the House roar, such as the solemn Labour Member who, following Mrs. Mavis Tate on slum clearance, said, "If the honourable lady will come with me for one night to North Staffs, I will show her something she has never seen before." The Navy capped this with the laugh caused by "never-a-twinkle" Mr. George Balfour's opening sentence when Lady Astor had finished speaking one midnight and was making to go: "I do not propose to follow the honourable lady at this hour of the night." Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, Sir Alexander West Russell and Commander Marsden make boyish plans to visit Norway's national shrine, *Fram*, Nansen's ship which is roofed over as a museum. Sir Alexander is the only Scot in the Delegation and he has deserted Stirlingshire for his Tynemouth constituency. Explanation by the Welsh—indeed, they feared the drinks would be too expensive; indeed, the Scottish members always arrange to get out of the Aberdeen portion at King's Cross, the porters expect smaller tips—indeed. The Welsh are up with lark lad, as the Lancastrians say. Sir Adam Maitland, who represents Faversham, Kent, has not lost his nice northern speech. He listens a lot and smiles—the wise owl. The breakfast party habit appears to be a Welsh one; they can keep it. I don't like reading drafts of our boys' speeches, not even Mr. Frank Bellen-gers, before nine, no sir. The Americans, having heard Norwegian coffee is even better than their own, sent the largest Delegation (37) to tell us all, except Germany, Italy and Spain, who are not represented, what bad quarrelsome children we are. Next biggest bunch comes from Egypt; no doubt a trip to Norway is the cooling attraction. An Egyptian on our plane had flown from Cairo. He got the steward to tuck a rug over his head and body—the effect was eerie, like sitting opposite a corpse.

New day. Flags, heat-wave and crowds to watch the six hundred parliamentarians and their womenfolk troop, rosetted like successful show sheep, into the University for the opening ceremony. King Haakon walks from his car with a quaint springing step, unguarded, and uncheered by his granite people who like him too much to say so—verra Scotch. Comte Carton de Wiart (kin to the intrepid General), President of the whole show, speaks too long. The Walloon accent is trying to the ear, while the eyes are riveted to the primitive, embarrassing murals. More speeches follow and some grave Norwegian singing, appreciated by my neighbour, Madame Debbska, linguist wife of the Chairman of the Polish Delegation. (The Poles, Jugo-Slavs, Rumanians and Bulgarians have sent key men to this Conference; not the usual nonentities.) Then the animals are very well fed by the Norwegian Delegation at the Restaurant Lynche, a stone's throw from the Stortinget (Parliament House), where the boys will talk all week while the weaker sex sight-sees. Oslo is much bigger than I expected, but the chief hotels, shops, flower market, Palace, Stortinget and local Scotland Yard are practically within sight of each other. There appears to be no traffic problem, but as the carriage folk are all away in the mountains and fiords, except

the diplomatic, it is not a typical month. The trams are fast and positively luxurious. Edinburgh please copy. The modern buildings are unaggressive. There is no attempt at window dressing. Our boot manufacturers are missing a promising market, and the wholesale dress people should place their cheaper lines without difficulty, in spite of duty, because Norwegian women are obviously fashion-minded, yet Oslo shops seem stocked with shapeless Teutonic junk. Reindeer sweaters and winter sports woollens are A.1, very like the Fair Isles popularized by the Duke of Windsor years ago. Enterprising Mr. David Walker-Heneage should import these for his Piccadilly store, plus glass; wooden tableware; painted ornaments; hand-sewn slippers and indeed all the native work, especially Christmas toys, on sale at Husflidsforening, the tourists' delight and downfall. Norwegian miles are Scotch, too. The Bristol *voiturier*, who can answer as many questions as the Paris Ritz *concierge*, describes the British Legation as ten minutes' walk, but it is half an hour to this comfortable house set on a hill in a fine landscape garden overlooking the fiord and the (lesser!) legations. We have King Edward VII to thank for a wise buy. The Germans wanted it, but he got

in just ahead; doubtless kept *au courant* by his daughter, the late Queen Maud. The Crown Prince's official residence is across the water, but he prefers a country house farther out. Prince Olaf is very popular because he does well the things Norwegians enjoy most—sailing and skiing. The Minister and Lady Mary Dormer gave us a lunch (her cook is even better than the Aga Khan's, and that's saying lots) and a cocktail party in the garden which she helps to weed; indeed, did so much that three M.P.'s, including Mr. Eric Ernington, unassuming Liverpool barrister, who had been high-hatted off the Embassy soil in Berlin last year by a painfully Eton and Oxford underling, drew comparisons. As a crowning kindness, I was allowed a corner to scribble these notes. Unlike the chancellery in E. Waugh's unforgettable "Black Magic," there was considerable activity (especially on the part of Mr. Freise-Pennefeather) and several inkwells. So to the American Legation, where the Minister, brilliant Mrs. F. G. Harriman, said, a trifle enviously, "Our garden is not as big as the English." But her English roses are bigger. To us a Lady Minister is a novelty. Mrs. Harriman is tall, distinguished, with penetrating English blue eyes (her grandfather was born at 23 Eaton Square, and her English great-grandfather's inkstand adorns

her office) which convince you that she has missed nothing in your appearance and not much in your character; yet their light is kindly. Her hair matches her chinchilla cape. The American First Secretary, "Ray" Cox, who, with his charming wife, was popular in London, has been *en poste* in Prague and seen a page of history torn. The Coxes fished unsuccessfully (two salmon to six rods in two weeks) and came back before the Conference. Mrs. Harriman returned from Leningrad, where her snapshot album proves the museums and palaces could not be more beautifully kept. She saw Mr. Strang and the other missionaries, then took a look at Danzig and found it an armed camp; Nazis everywhere, their armoured car rides contributing to the war of nerves. Nothing could be more remote from neutral Oslo, and yet the Norwegians are deeply concerned, and have shown at this goodwill-conference readiness to back any practical peace plan. Their Prime Minister, Mr. C. J. Hambro (a relation of the English branch), made a grand oration (in English) after Mr. Hamilton Fish's sensational offer of a hundred million dollars (twenty million quid) from his backers to settle the refugee problem. Mr. Hambro put "Ham" Fish in deep water, pointing out gently but firmly that American idealism and American dollars are not enough without knowledge of European history and of the appallingly complicated problems involved. "Ham" is an immensely tall, loose-limbed young Republican, with a social background rare in American politics and acute publicity sense, but whether he has common sense is doubtful. He believes the American people are isolationists in every fibre.



NORTH SEA MONSTERS

Mr. A. Hordern, of Sydney, Australia, opened the tunny fishing season in spectacular style by catching these five heavy-weights, 120 miles out from Scarborough. Mr. Hordern had his fun aboard the trawler *Silver Line*. With him here are members of the crew

THE LORDS—ALSO THE LADIES FACE UP TO THE CRISIS



LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY
AND LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA



LADY GAGE AND
LORD SOMERS



LORD AND LADY HALIFAX
LEAVING AFTER HIS SPEECH



LORD AND LADY LYTTON



LORD AND LADY WALERAN
AND LADY SELSTON



LORD AND LADY KINROSS

Great Britain's finest political jester said, in referring to another occasion when this country faced up to a dictator: "The House of Peers throughout the war did nothing in particular and did it very well." That was said of another Good King George's golden days—and is only partly true of the present moment. Both Lords and Commons faced up to the crisis as every one knew that they would. Lord Halifax's speech in the Lords was as marked by its balance and serenity as was that of the Prime Minister in the Commons. Both Houses were packed during their delivery and the pictures in this page were taken after the House of Lords had risen and every one was departing. Lord and Lady Gage were invited to go and shoot duck with King Carol in Rumania in September, but it is feared that that engagement will not now be kept. Lord Somers, seen with Lady Gage, was formerly in the 1st Life Guards and has a fine War record. Lady Stanley of Alderley is a sister of the present Lord Shrewsbury and Lady Dufferin is the former Miss Maureen Guinness. Lord Lytton has seen many stormy seasons in the past, not the least stormy his period as Governor of Bengal. Lady Waleran is the former Miss Betty Elmsley Carr and Lord Kinross is the father of a literary-minded son, the Hon. Patrick Balfour, who so greatly resembles him



GINGER ROGERS AND DAVID NIVEN IN "BACHELOR MOTHER"

After the high seriousness of *Dawn Patrol*, David Niven returns to comedy in his first picture for R-K-O-Radio, *Bachelor Mother*. He is teamed with Ginger Rogers, but dancing does not play a very important part in the film. Although Ginger, partnered by Frank Albertson, indulges in a little "jitter-bug" work, she will in the main have a chance as a straight comedienne. She has at present almost completed another film, *Fifth Avenue Girl*, with Walter Connolly. David Niven is, of course, one of Hollywood's English colony and was educated at Stowe School. *Bachelor Mother* comes on at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on September 2

AN admirable article in *The Times* on the state of film-making in Europe has the statement: "Outside Paris or London, it is the exception rather than the rule to find any sort of theatrical activity which competes with the cinema; whereas any town of standing in Germany has an opera and a theatre, both municipally supported." Hard sayings like this must make our repertory ventures bristle with expostulation. Yet the statement is true in essence. And then it is so cleverly guarded in its phrasing that expostulation is tripped up. "It is the exception rather than the rule"—a less careful writer would merely have said "rare" or "seldom," and would thus have brought down on himself an avalanche of letters from Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and something over a score of towns in England alone, whose theatres do somehow continue in a state nearer to flourishing than mere existence. The writer's true point is that the cinema is flourishing very much more than the theatre in all these places as well as in countless smaller towns.

Flourishing, too, on immeasurably poorer material! The repertory theatres, I take it, appeal mostly to the intelligentsia. Such audiences would at once fall away if they were offered plays whose æsthetic level was no higher than that of the average successful film. For I am becoming more and more depressed by the certainty that the level of the average successful film is pretty low. As a fair test, compare the programmes in West End theatres and cinemas at the time of writing. The theatres this August have three first-class American plays, one first-class English play, and two first-rate revivals, one of them being the best imaginable revival of the wittiest of all English comedies. There are five passable plays and only one which is on the level of the penny "blood." There are the usual musicals, and there are at least two brilliant revues, I should say two and a half. The cinema list is nothing nearly so cheerful, though there are half a dozen French films whose quality, though it varies, is high. The others are not even passable. I note, almost with a pang, that *Blind Alley*, the remarkable psychological film which I noticed last week, has already vanished from the London Pavilion bill. I am afraid the indication here is that the public prefers stale American pictures to original ones. *Blind Alley* had a striking story, told plainly and without highbrow fuzziness; it had some very ingenious "nightmare" photography which made the people in the murderer's dreams look like the figures in a photographic

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Dumps and Doldrums

negative held to the light; and it had an unforgettable performance by Chester Morris, a film-star who can act. Yet *Blind Alley* has vanished before you can say "Edward G. Robinson!" It is gone into what I call the Limbo of Pre-General Release. And that is, or was, the one good American film, with the unique exception of the still current *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*.

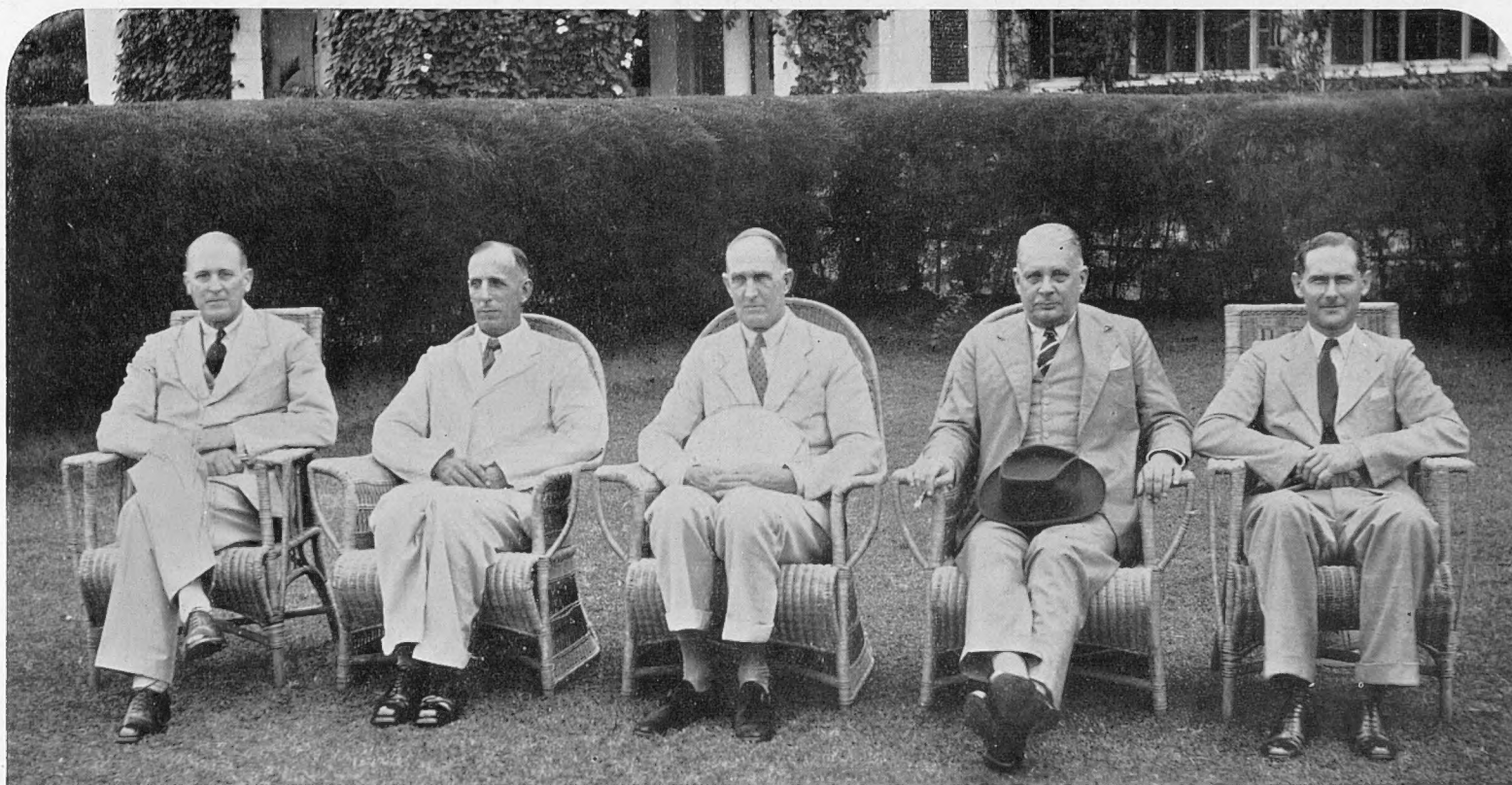
As for the British films, you shall hear. I have just seen two, *Shipyard Sally* at the Gaumont and *Young Man's Fancy* at the Leicester Square, and all I can say, judging from these, is that if Hollywood is in the dumps, we can only be described as being in the doldrums. One should approach the Gracie Fields film carefully, for it cannot be intended as a rational work of art. I take its theatrical analogy to be with Drury Lane musical comedy, a large boisterous business with as much or as little of artistry as a well-packed Christmas stocking. You must, therefore, learn to accept in this same hearty spirit the sight and sound of Gracie winning over a rough Clydeside pub through singing first a song about bagpipes and then the ballad of "Annie Laurie." Hardened riveters are riveted with this, and shock-proof sheet-iron workers shake with emotion. Industrial depression impends, and Gracie is now chosen as the only possible delegate to go up to London and make Sir Robert Somebody say the single word which will commission the Clyde to build another mammoth liner. So Gracie goes up to London and quells Sir Robert's formidable house-party with an inexcusably ugly song about Jitterbugs, whereafter she softens, wheedles, and wins Sir Robert himself with the ballad called "Danny Boy." Hereabouts, I passed out through sheer physical exhaustion at all the staring and ear-straining in which this had involved me. For all I know, Miss Fields went on to "Angus Macdonald," "Auld Robin Gray," and the "Highland Swing." It is an asseverated fact that she concludes this film with singing "Land of Hope and Glory." I heard and saw this quite unmistakably. I also heard and saw Sydney Howard being funny, and poor Morton Selten as Sir Robert, twinkling urbanely for the last time.

In a way, *Young Man's Fancy* is not so bad, because it sedulously and very pleasantly reconstructs the eighteenth-century without breaking into fatuous booms-a-daisies songs on the subject. But the weakness here is the story, for even the filmgoers of Perth, Porthcawl and Pontefract must be getting a shade weary of that old one about the rich young man who marries the poor little music-hall performer in spite of his protesting parents. Anna Lee and Griffith Jones are charming as the young couple, and Martita Hunt and Sir Seymour Hicks do far more than you would think possible with the stock characters of the boy's aristocratic parents. But what a worn-out story! Surely, Noel Coward proved the other day that even he can do nothing more about it?

Cheering one up a little at one or other of these cinemas, I forget which, was the new *March of Time* in which time marches back to show us that the films have a past of a sort even if they have no present. The trouble with this sort of film is that the snatches are never quite long enough; they whet the appetite without satisfying it. There is here, for example, one lovely and maddeningly short glimpse of Garbo in *The Flesh and the Devil*. *

The call sheet for Alexander Korda Productions over the weekend, where shooting has continued on the *Thief of Baghdad*, reads something like this: Dr. Berger—City Square location—staff call 8 a.m.—June Duprez and stand-in—Conrad Veidt and stand-in—Sabu and stand-in—400 extras—one pink elephant—one cheetah. The scene, including pink elephant, is for the procession of the Princess, and the whole of the city of Baghdad has been built on the location. The previous largest location, City Square, built on 650,000 square feet of concrete, was used for *Things To Come*. The City of Baghdad covers nearly half as much again, Baghdad Bridge, the scene of the procession being 300 yards long.

UNITED WE STAND—ABROAD AND AT HOME



A CONFERENCE OF THE GOVERNORS OF OUR WEST AFRICAN COLONIES

Addison

A group of especial interest in these hours of crisis which was taken at the first Conference of the Governors of the British West African Colonies which took place in Lagos, Nigeria, from August 10 to 18, 1939. The picture, which was taken at Government House, Lagos (on August 12, 1939), shows from left to right: His Excellency Sir Thomas Southorn, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor of Gambia; His Excellency Sir Arnold Hodson, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast; His Excellency Sir Bernard H. Bourdillon, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor of Nigeria and Chairman of the Conference; His Excellency Sir Douglas Jardine, K.C.M.G., O.B.E., Governor of Sierra-Leone and Mr. Duncan G. Stewart, Secretary of the Conference



WITH TERRITORIAL ROYAL ARTILLERY UNITS IN CAMP AT BRIDLINGTON, YORKSHIRE

Howard Barrett

A group taken just after Church Parade last Sunday week where the Sheffield, Leicester and Notts Territorial units, Royal Artillery, have been in camp and hard training for an eventuality which all of us hope may be averted even at the eleventh hour. At the time this goes to press it has not been averted. In the group are, reading from the left of the line: Lieutenant-Colonel M. R. Simpson, C.O., 115th Regiment R.A. (T.), Leicester; Lieutenant-Colonel J. Rodgers, C.O., 123rd Regiment R.A. (T.), Sheffield; Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Chaworth-Musters, D.S.O., C.O., 150th Regiment R.A. (T.), South Notts Hussars (2nd line); Brigadier General H. G. Howson, M.C., T.D.; Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, Honorary Colonel, South Notts Hussars, who is ninety-two, but travelled 100 miles from his home at Watnall Hall, Nottingham, to see the regiment on parade; and Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Holden, M.C., T.D., C.O. South Notts Hussars, 107th Regiment R.A. (T.)



SOME OF THE CASTLE HOWARD PARTY FOR YORK RACES

Mr. Mark Howard and his sister were amongst the many house party hosts for the Ebor Meeting of which a number of other pictures are on page 377 in this issue. In the above picture are, left to right: Mr. Mark Howard, Miss Dinah Brand, daughter of the Hon. Robert Brand, who is a brother of Lord Hampden, the Hon. Deborah Mitford, Lord and Lady Redesdale's youngest daughter, Mr. Hugh Waterhouse, Lord Arthur Cavendish, and Lord Jellicoe, son of the great admiral

WRITING last week of types, who doesn't know and dread meeting Jim Warndorf, the "fly mug?" What a man! He is so full of cunning, secret information and crook stuff that he can't hold it all. He just has to draw you a hundred yards away from every one to spill the beans to you, and even then he makes no sense, his conversation being a farrago of winks, teeth-sucking innuendoes and thumb jerking.

To listen to him, one would imagine that every race was won by some non-trier which had overpowered its jockey. Nothing is straight, and he is the kingpin with his fingers on the nerve centre of the racing underworld.

"Did you see — at Sandown?" he hisses, referring to one of his own horses. "No!" you say.

He sucks his teeth, jerks his thumb downwards and, looking round fearfully in case one of William Pierrepont's private detectives is listening, adds, "Jockey's race. Had a stack on the winner."

As you move to go, he catches you by the sleeve.

"What is the biggest bet you've ever had?" he asks.

"Ten bob each way, second favourite, first race, any to come up and down Gordon Richards' third race, all on Harry Wragg, one of E. Parker's fifth race," you assure him, making the best break you can for home base.

Again he siezes you by the lapel and holding you in a vice, whispers through a haze of indifferent gin.

"Are you going to Windsor?"

"No," you reply, keeping a stiff upper lip. "For once it's not Eton long leave and I'm taking my son's girl friend to the pictures."

For answer, he drags you a hundred yards further from the crowd and whispers in a tone so low as to be inaudible to any one but the fish mimic out of the *Nine o'clock Revue* (or his girl friend who, by some whim of nature, had been endowed with the eardrums of an elkhound): "You'd



MRS. I. MILLS AND LORD GRIMTHORPE, M.F.H.

Another York races picture. A thoroughly good time was had by one and all in spite of the black war clouds hovering overhead. Lord Grimthorpe is the present joint-Master of the Middleton with the Hon. Charles Wood. His former partner was our sorely-tried Foreign Secretary

back and hold down the country they pinched off him, by tanks against flintlocks. The only other news we have got is the *Sunday Pictorial's* crusade against cock-fighting to advertise the photography of Mr. Mili (pronounced Mee Lee). I wouldn't cross the road to see a proper cock-fight, much less the extraordinary contest of barn-door roosters staged by Mr. Mili (pronounced Mee Lee), but I am sending our photographer, Mr. Wili (pronounced Why Lie), to get pictures of fowls being forcibly fed, hung in bundles of six. Two pages before this horrifying sadistic disclosure was an article entitled "Forty-two Rounds of Murder," being an eulogy of bare-knuckle prize fighting. The cock fights as an instinct as strong as eating or mating. I suppose Jack Doyle does too, if the truth were known, but there is no law against his fighting. Some say there should be.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

better come. Peace Gamp is good at Windsor."

Here he reverts again to dumb show. "Sandown," he says and shrugs. "Derby," he continues with a sucking noise like a carp at feeding time, and a downward jerk of his thumb. "But Windsor!" Here he casts his eyes to heaven as though manna had fallen therefrom, and elevates both thumbs.

"Look here," you say, nettled into indiscretion, "Peace Gamp is a five-year-old maiden which I sold to your trainer as a three-year-old for a tenner to go abroad. He has three legs in the grave, a heart of grass and makes a noise resembling the crooner at the 'Bag o' Nails.' He couldn't win an argument if he started overnight and I wouldn't back him with Reich paper money. So what?"

"I'm sorry you think that about him," replies the menace. "I was only trying to do you a turn, but could you lend us a pony till the weather breaks?"

He has skits of girl friends who hang on every tooth-sucking he says, think he is the cat's whiskers and lose their more than hard-earned scudi on his vapourings.

Meanwhile, what of Hurst Park and Heliopolis?

Before the race it was said he looked grand, he looked bad, he had ringworm, he had foot-and-mouth disease, and he had done the best gallop of his life a week before. After the race I was told his jockey had thrown the race away. Everyone is entitled to an opinion, right or wrong, and my opinion was that the horse couldn't have looked better or fresher. Perryman has ridden clever races, but as the others gave him and let him take an opening on the rails the horse had every chance, but wasn't good enough. Much as I should like to see him in the firing line in the Leger, I cannot see he holds any chance if Blue Peter and Pharis are classic horses. Meanwhile, there is another crisis on, one gathers from the papers which arrive in Scotland about two days behind schedule, so that one knows little or nothing of the latest news. It does seem heart-rending that the Italians, who haven't won a contest since 55 B.C., when clothed in armour they defeated the Britons in woad, should have to ask the Negus to go

RACING ON YORK'S

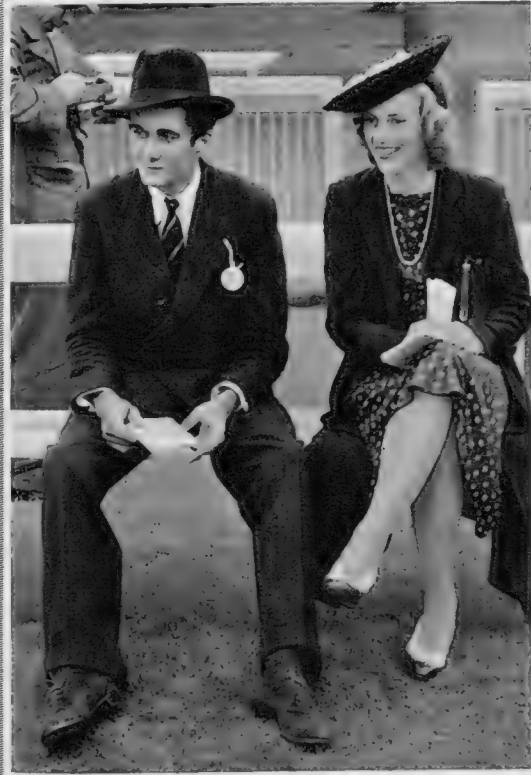


IN GOOD HEART: THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON
AND LADY IRENE HAIG



LADY STAVORDALE WITH THE
HON. PETER BEATTY

FAMOUS KNAVESMIRE



THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY
AND LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT



MRS. FREDERICK STANLEY, MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR,
MISS PRIMULA ROLLO AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE



THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. WOOD
WITH MAJOR CLAYTON

The right title to this page is "A Study in Imperturbability"—long but entirely apposite, because the pictures were taken upon the very day that a certain nation had yet once again proved that she is still "caviare to the general." Racing and sun both good, but fields a bit on the small side. The numerous house-parties round and about enhanced the chances of the gate, which is almost invariably good at York's Ebor meeting. Lord Hartington, who has only recently had a coming-of-age, and Lord Granby were both in the Castle Howard house-party, when the hostess was Miss Christian Howard; and Lady Stavordale, see above, with one of the Turf's most successful owners, was in Lord and Lady Feversham's at Nawton Tower, as also was Lord Stavordale. Lady Feversham's M.F.H. brother and Mrs. Charles Wood are in another picture. The Foreign Secretary's heavy duties naturally precluded his going to one of his own county's best meetings. The Marchioness of Cambridge, seen with three other charming and also unperturbed people, came alone. The Marquess of Cambridge had only just before come out of camp, and so in all probability had had all the outdoor life he wanted for the moment. Anyway, everyone who was there seemed fully determined to make the best of the shining hour and keep perfectly calm in spite of everything



HORNETS' NEST AROUSER

Mr. Hugh J. Schonfield, seen above with his wife, has certainly brought a hornets' nest about his ears with his latest book, "Jesus: A Biography." By no means all the comment has been unfavourable, and distinguished figures in both the religious and the literary worlds have been ready to defend Mr. Schonfield's study, the fruit of seventeen years of travel and research in the *locales* and writings of Christian tradition

Auguste Rodin.

THE double life we all of us lead is usually far more psychologically interesting than the one we exhibit to the world at large. We may look like anybody else in a railway-carriage, but undoubtedly we are the Only One in the unwritten story of our lives. Often I am struck by the fact that during those tragic periods when it seemed to me as if life were crumbling all around me, I nevertheless had the aspect in all exterior manifestation of being a plain man reading his morning newspaper. If, just for a few minutes, we could read the unspoken thoughts of all those apparently uninteresting-looking people sitting with us in a bus, we should doubtless get the surprise of our lives! Perhaps that is the main reason why life for each of us is inevitably such a very lonely experience. We yet remain solitary, even in a passionate embrace; for neither of us is thinking the same things, and neither of us is sharing the identical experience. So we go through life desperately seeking human contact, and only discovering that we are clinging merely to a wish-thought encased, maybe, in one of the thousand subtle manifestations of sex. So that the only man at peace with himself and the world is the man who is happy to stand absolutely alone; appreciative of human ties, but not permitting them either completely to mar or to make the divine pattern which should be each individual life. But you have usually to be a great artist, or a great poet, or a great thinker, in order to succeed in this. I don't necessarily mean that you must also be a painter, or write poems, or be the author of some standard work; but I do mean that the picture, the poem, the surge of many thoughts must be there inside you, even though—by something missing in your nature—you cannot give them concrete expression. There are lots of men and women

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

like that; and though they may reach heights of great happiness, they also touch depths of loneliness which the famous artist, poet, musician or author can never know. Metaphorically speaking, they are born dancers with crippled legs.

After reading Miss Anita Leslie's delightful biography—"Rodin; Immortal Peasant" (Herbert Joseph; 12s. 6d.)—one can understand that the only way to make the best of two possible worlds—which is two possible lives—is to *live* them; let the world's tongue wag as it may. And always providing that something within you is impervious to the clatter of human asides: something, also, which is impervious to the insistent permanency of human relationships: something which, when you are alone, gives to you the key of another world altogether—a world of beauty, of perfect companionship with oneself, of peace. Rodin had this gift. He had a third life, so to speak. Perhaps all geniuses possess this third life; perhaps, also, even all near-geniuses—of which there are so many more. Rodin's struggle for fame was long and hard, and often bitter. But work, for the glory of its self-expression, kept him brave in the face of jealousies, misunderstandings, rank dislike.

As for his domestic life, it was literally so filled by beautiful women, that the wonder is he lived to such a ripe old age! But, then, he never let women disturb his third, so secret, so personal, life. He enjoyed them as women, which, perhaps, is how most women really like to be enjoyed—content to supply all the rest of passion's illusion out of their own imagination. He followed the Greek ideal of sexual relationship: took that kind of enjoyment for the ephemeral part of life it really is, and was only happily at peace with himself when alone with nature and beauty, wherever he encountered them. To the world at large he is, of course, one of the finest sculptors of this or any other age. To his intimates, apart from his art, he was a lovable, interesting, strange man with an individuality peculiarly his own; to the moralist he was a warning—what exactly against, I do not know, since he survived cheerfully and indifferently a staggering host of mistresses, permanent for a few years, or only for a few minutes; and managed to keep the love of the first girl with whom he fell in love until she died, an old, old woman.

The charm of this biography is that, concurrently with the life-story of Rodin, Miss Leslie gives the life-story of Rose, peasant like himself, who lived with him, first as his mistress and the mother of his child, then as unpaid house-

keeper, and, at last, when they were both so old that it scarcely mattered very much, except for monetary inheritance, as his legal wife. Poor Rose, her devotion survived innumerable infidelities, ill-usage, neglect; but at last she had her reward in a marriage which as nearly touched the farcical as didn't matter very much. She died scarcely more than a month after this respectable culmination of her life-long waiting. Rodin did not long survive her. To his death-bed flocked the ex-mistresses, society women, dancers and squabbling relations who had chased him as such people always chase fame and fortune. It was a happy release, but not a highly dignified end. But then, it expressed the second life which Rodin had lived so enjoyably, yet never allowing it once to interfere with his deeper dreams. His first life was, of course, given to the world, in the sculpture which will always make his name live. His third life was untouchable by men or women, success, failure, riches or poverty.

(Continued on page 380.)



FAMILY MOBILISATION

Lord Luke went down with Lady Luke the other day to Dibgate Camp, Shorncliffe, to take the salute at the ceremonial march-past of the 5th Battalion, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment. Marching past him were his two sons, Major the Hon. Ian Lawson-Johnston, second in command of the unit (left, standing), and the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, its senior subaltern. The younger brother is an author with a book born of the family fondness for travel, "Argentina Revisited," to his credit. The Hon. Olive Lawson-Johnston, Lord Luke's eldest daughter, was also in uniform for the occasion, for she has the rank of Senior Commandant in the A.T.S.



Photos. : Kay Vaughan
MR. AND MRS. ALEC WAUGH, WITH
TWO OF THEIR CHILDREN, AT
THEIR BERKSHIRE HOME.
LEFT: PETER WAUGH,
THE YOUNGEST

Mr. Alec Waugh, the well-known novelist, is temporarily deserting his lovely home at Silchester, near Reading, in order to pay a visit to his wife's home country. He has taken a house for three months at Sorento, a seaside suburb of Melbourne, Australia, where Mrs. Waugh, who was Miss Joan Chirnside, lived before her marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Waugh are experienced travellers, and as he is a keen member of the Silchester village cricket team, it is perhaps the thought of sandwiching-in an extra season which has helped to influence him to make the trip. Mr. Waugh expects to complete his first crime novel before he leaves England ; perhaps he will bring back a cricket novel with him ?



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

As Miss Leslie writes: "He needed clay, peace, and women; otherwise he was entirely self-sufficient." He found that peace most of all when alone amid the loveliness of nature—flowers, trees, the hills, the sky, at every changing moment of Nature's pageantry, whose beauty, if one has eyes to see it, changes every moment, yet is never lost. Of this extraordinary personality Miss Leslie has written a delightful account. She has kept Rodin human always. She has kept him lovable always, too; and this at times was more difficult. Above all, she has given us a recognisable portrait of genius whose work speaks for itself, but whose character and morals and religion need to be explained sympathetically. In this her book succeeds marvellously well. Ignoring the social moralities for the little they can often be worth, Rodin's real character seems best expressed in his own words on religion: "In my opinion, religion is more than the stammering of a creed. It is the feeling of all that is unexplained and inexplicable in the world. It is the adoration of that Unknown Force which maintains the universal laws and which conserves different types of beings; it is the suspicion of all that Nature does not reveal to our senses, of the enormous world of things that neither the eyes of the body nor the eyes of the soul can see. It is the surge of our consciousness towards the infinite, toward eternity, toward wisdom and love without limit, promises which are perhaps illusionary, but which, in this life, make our brains flutter as if they had wings. In that sense I am religious."

Thoughts from "Rodin; Immortal Peasant."

"There may be only half an inch between what is good and what is Art, but it makes the difference of immortality."

"All the world knows worry is the prerogative of parents. They cannot learn to view their offspring with philosophy."

"Culture and repression have fostered strange loveliness in our world. Wonders have been cast forth that are as the oyster's pearl, shining excrescences wrought of pain and disease."

"The power of a creation must begin where it appears to end, for the repetition of a living form is nothing unless the living spirit be caught."

For Those Who Love to Read About Love.

It is not often that a novel lives up to its title in every particular, but "Love in the Sun" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) assuredly does so. It really is all about love, and, thank goodness, it is never mawkish or sloppy. Perhaps the jolly hero and heroine never had time to be either, whatever their inclination may have been. The only moments, indeed, when the story becomes a little stagey, is when the hero, a novelist, writes about writing novels. But then it is difficult for a writer to describe his writing-life without becoming a trifle outside—as if the kind of ordinary novel, of which there are hundreds published every season, belonged to an art infinitely superior to first-class plumbing. For the hero, who comes from Yorkshire, is a novelist, and as very few writers in reality, and scarcely any in fiction, seem able to concentrate on their work without a female devotedly fussing around, he brings with him to Cornwall, Dain, who was waiting for a decree of divorce. Their idea was to discover

something very remote in Cornwall, and cheap, and to live on love, and, if need be, next to nothing. So he sits down first of all to write a novel about fishing-families in Yorkshire. It is published, and is fairly successful. He writes a second one and a third, but both are something of a disappointment. The wonder to me, however, is that he was ever able to write at all! For this happy couple didn't leave Yorkshire to step into a Cornish cottage all complete. They had scarcely enough money to step into anything, except debt. However, they did find an isolated creek a mile from the harbour at St. Jude, and there they also discovered a disused army hut which was going for a song. Immediately they began to make the hut livable; scrubbing, scraping and whitewashing; they cleaned up a dirty old galley-stove which had once been on a sailing-ship, and polishing it up until it shone like brass. They mended the roof and finally entered into possession.

Then they began fishing; then they began to make the garden; and both efforts went remarkably well. And when their ready cash ran out they sold frogs and centipedes to a firm of naturalists. Soon they had a baby, and a delightful cat. Once they had an anxious time when two acquaintances from Yorkshire arrived, but they saved the situation by strategy, and soon were busy turning a ship's lifeboat into a motor-cruiser, though both were nearly drowned soon after its launching. Then, just when it seemed as if their whole plan of life was to be brought to naught, the post brought a cheque for the film-rights of the first novel, and back they stepped happily into heaven once more. It is all quite charming and brightly written, and good fun all the way through. I suppose it is a little late in the day to recommend it as a first-rate holiday-book, but the first autumn evenings over the fireside will suit it very nicely.

Other Novels for the Early Autumn.

Well, while we are on the subject of love, and like it, you can't go far wrong with any of Ursula Bloom's stories. "Beloved Creditor" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is typical, and excellent of its kind. This one is a new and delightful twist to the Cinderella plot with plain Jane—"plain," that is, by comparison with her sisters—calling at last the tune she was never expected to dance to, and landing the man she loves—as well as a good catch—with spirit and with great charm.

Mr. Jonathan Davis's cleverly-written novel, "There Are Angels in Madrid" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), especially appealed to me, for I had just returned from seeing the collection of Spanish pictures in Geneva—and the Goyas are magnificent. For this, in fictional form, is the story of Goya's sensational life. Goya died at eighty-two, and yet the story traverses the years from childhood until death. And when I mention briefly that Goya seemed everlastingly to surround himself by sensational incidents, and that his life-story includes the war between Spain and Napoleon and the years when a Bonaparte sat on the throne, until, finally, the Bourbons were reinstated, the thrilling incidents are already there for the novelist to weave together without much trouble. Nevertheless, Mr. Davis has woven them very well, and even though the genius of Goya seems to have escaped him, the absence is scarcely noticeable, because of the preposterous, yet true, sensationalism of the man himself, artist apart.



Tunbridge

MISS CYNTHIA MONTEITH, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The bridegroom-elect is the Hon. Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's elder son and heir, who is a Flying Officer in the Auxiliary Air Force. Miss Monteith is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. G. Monteith. Colonel Monteith, R.A.M.C., got a D.S.O. in the war, and is attached Army Headquarters in Burma.



HUNTINGDONSHIRE PEACE: THE CHURCH AND RIVER OUSE AT HEMINGFORD



DERWENTWATER, LOOKING TOWARDS BORROWDALE, FROM CASTLE HEAD

Photos.: J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

"Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee;
Nor for gold art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure,
Take thy beauty and thy treasure."

From "Gaudeamus Igitur," by Margaret Woods

"HAPPY IS HE WHO HAS KNOWN
THE RURAL DIVINITIES"

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



CYRIL TOLLEY WINS THE LORD
WARDEN CUP

The golf celebrity's shorts are said to have "created a sensation"; but almost everyone wears them these days. He won with $71+73=144$, and the 71 was a record for the reconstructed course at Rye. In the afternoon W. L. Hartley put this record down with a round of 70

teenth Club in London, contributed some fifty articles to *Punch*, many of which had golf as their theme and all of which are worth reading to-day. Now we have the pleasure of welcoming a new boy to this school of writing in the shape of Ben Travers.

Ben is a universal provider in the world of merriment. If you have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, you have probably thanked him for the laughs he has given you in his farces at the Aldwych Theatre or on the screen. His charm is his acute sense of the ridiculous. For ten minutes he will hold forth on a serious topic, but sooner or later the bubble of mirth expanding within will rise to the surface and burst.

Incidentally, I wonder how many of the thousands who have cause to be grateful to Ben Travers know how very narrowly that fountain of good humour escaped being dried up in the war. Flying at night as an observer during one of the early Zeppelin raids, he crashed near the present Brookmans Park golf course. His pilot was killed and he was severely injured.

A fellow Carthusian, John Morrison, has edited a book called "Around Golf" (Arthur Barker; 15s.), and Travers contributes a chapter entitled, oddly, "Big Golf." He does not, I fancy, watch a golf match from one end of the year to the next except at Deal, where, as you may know, he is "trainer" to the Old

THE game of golf has inspired at one time or another vast quantities of humorous literature, most of whose principal quality is its failure to be funny. The golfing humorist must not only possess a mastery over his pen, which is rare enough; he must also have a profound insight into golf and golfers: and the two qualities are not often found in partnership. P. G. Wodehouse, with "The Clicking of Cuthbert" and its successor, "The Heart of a Goof," placed himself at the head of the class, while I should be prepared to award a very high mark to "Sapper" for "Uncle James' Game of Golf." My old friend, Leonard Gullick, who presides over the Nine-

Carthusian team which often wins the Halford Hewitt tournament. He sustains them with physical refreshment at the seventh and twelfth holes and with mental stimulation at most other hours. His own game, he writes, is "intended for personal recreation rather than public exhibition."

His narrative in Morrison's book, it turns out, concerns his match in the Championship of Malacca, in the Straits Settlements, in 1907, and riotous good fun it is. That you must read for yourself. What I want to quote now are some of his observations on Big Golf in general. "I only refrain from actual participation in the game," he says, "because I can think of no occasion more stuffed with unconscious humour and false dignity than one of these Big Matches. Not only does this apply to the demeanour and costume of the principals. It applies in even greater degree to the behaviour and concentration of the spectators."

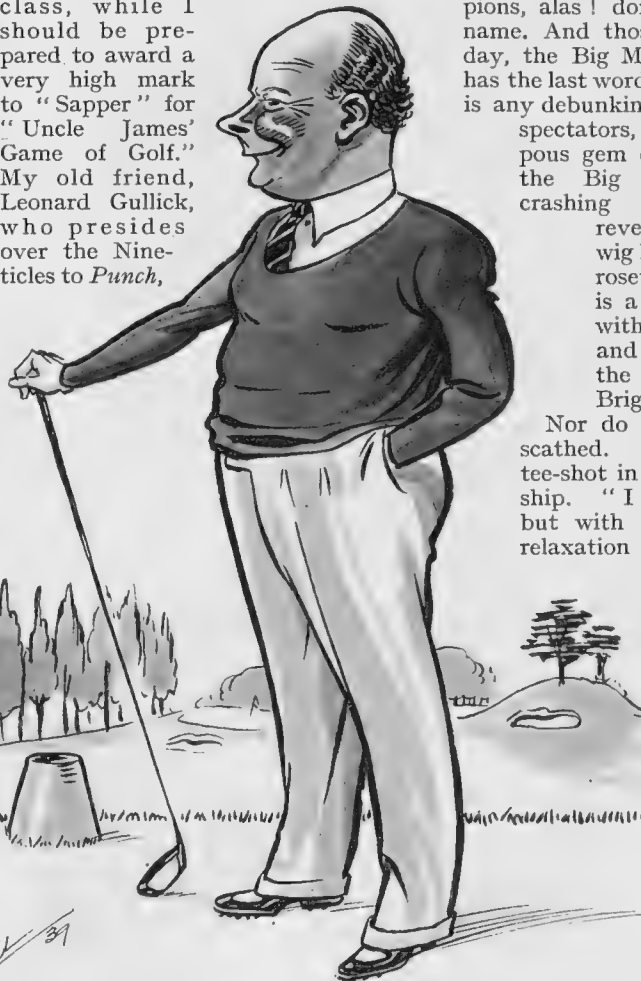
"While the gentlemen engaged in the comparatively unimportant and very nearly silly occupation of playing the game itself press forward, with heads craned towards the turf beneath them after the manner of monks being allowed five minutes' exercise on the morning of Good Friday, the spectators hustle, as quickly as is compatible with utter silence, in their wake."

"A few of the more snobbish attempt to keep within close range of the players, in order to give the impression that they are personally acquainted with them, and direct fierce and challenging glances at other spectators, by way of encouraging this theory."

How well I know these men! They know all the champions by their christian names, but the champions, alas! don't know them by any name. And those little Napoleons of a day, the Big Match Stewards—Travers has the last word on them, too. "If there is any debunking to be done about golf spectators, what about that pompous gem of little brief authority, the Big Match Steward—the crashing local Committee man, revelling in his hour as a bigwig? He is festooned with rosettes of office. His manner is a blend of a shopwalker with Royalty in his shop and of Hitler inspecting the Brown Shirt Boys' Brigade."

Nor do I myself come out unscathed. Here is Ben's opening tee-shot in the Malacca Championship. "I struck my ball firmly, but with just that imperceptible relaxation of the middle left-

hand finger during the slight inward curve of the right knee while on the upswing, to allow for the minimum pressure of the left elbow on the base of the neck at the psychological moment of bringing the right shoulder into line with the hips on the downswing—a measure employed to counteract drift, which has since been recognised and commended by several leading professionals in newspaper interviews with Mr. Henry Longhurst."



PETER GOLD—OLD CAMBRIDGE BLUE

The original of "Mel's" impression will have been captain of St. George's Hill G.C., Weybridge, for two years in October, when he is to retire. He is a fine golfer, playing from scratch, and the picture was done when "Mel" took a team down to play the St. George's Hill Club. What the club did to the visitors has been very carefully suppressed

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT EAST BRIGHTON—BY "MEL"

A few less than two hundred professionals took part in the "News Chronicle" £1000 Tournament on the East Brighton Golf Club's course. Fireworks were the order of the day. Both Sam King and C. Grabham did good 68s on the first day, but all records were broken when the 1936 Open Champion, Alfred Padgham, of Sundridge Park, went round in 64 on the Thursday. This is a record for all competitions for Professional Golfers. On the Friday evening Padgham ran out an easy winner by five strokes, with an aggregate of 279. On this page "Mel" has drawn some of the younger generation, all of whom are players of the greatest promise

NEXT WEEK: WEST SUSSEX GOLF CLUB.

IN SOUTH WALES



THE JUDGE GETS UP: LORD KNUTSFORD AND SIR T. MEYRICK AT THE CARMARTHEN SHOW



LORD AND LADY DYNEVOR DOING THE SHOW-ROUND

AND WILTSHIRE



ALSO AT CARMARTHEN: THE LADIES ANNE AND JOAN COVENTRY WITH MRS. SUMMERS



THE STAFF OF THE OFFICER PRODUCING GROUP AT WARMINSTER CAMP: MAJOR GREENACRE, BRIGADIER FOX-PITT AND CAPTAIN WIGNALL



Photographs: Truman Howell
LT.-COL. R. R. CRIPPS, C.O., ARTIST'S RIFLES, AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND, MAJOR A. N. BROWNING

This page starts with a very famous Welsh fixture, the United Counties Show at Carmarthen, the only show in the Principality solely concerned with horses, where classes are always hot, and winning rosettes, for this reason, particularly prize-worthy. Sir Thomas Meyrick, whose five-year-old was put through its paces by judge Lord Knutsford and awarded a first, is Lord Knutsford's successor as joint-Master with Lord Bathurst of the V.W.H. (Cirencester). Lord Dynevor, Carmarthenshire's Lord Lieutenant, brought his spectacles, his wife and several guests from Dynevor Court to the Show. Seventeen-year-old Lady Anne Coventry, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Coventry, had a schoolgirl sister to look after. Both bottom snapshots were taken at Warminster where the Officer Producing Group was lately under canvas. This Group consists of the Inns of Court Regiment, sections of the H.A.C. Gunners, H.A.C. Infantry, Artists' Rifles, and the 22nd Battn. Royal Tank Regiment. Brigadier W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt, Welsh Guards, is in command, Major W. D. C. Greenacre, Welsh Guards, is Brigade Major, and Captain F. E. B. Wignall, Life Guards, was Staff Captain for the period of the camp



Marcus Adams, Dover Street

LADY DOROTHEA HEAD AND HER CHILDREN, RICHARD AND TESSA

These studies of a delightful family party are the result of quite recent camera work. Lady Dorothea Head, the former Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, is the elder surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. Her husband, Captain Antony Head, is in the Life Guards, so, like innumerable other young wives of serving soldiers, she has to make calls on courage in these black and nerve-testing days. Captain and Lady Dorothea Head celebrated the fourth anniversary of their wedding on July 23. They are both quite devoted to son Richard and daughter Tessa who were born in 1937 and 1938 respectively

PATRONS OF THE LIDO



MR. CHARLES HARDING AND CONTESSA
UBERTO PALASTRELLI DI CELLERI



THE CHIC CONTESSA
PIERCY DI MIGNANO



MRS. CARRINGTON AND CONTE
U. PALASTRELLI DI CELLERI



MISS DONINA TOEPLITZ (DAUGHTER OF
THE FILM MAGNATE) AND BARON SARD



THE CONTESSA SCÒLA VENIER



THE CONTESSA ANDRES
DI ROBILANT (ALANOVA)



MISS MELISSA REID,
OF ROME AND U.S.A.



M. AND MME. A. LOPEZ-WILSHAW

Though this year the number of English visitors enjoying a Venetian interlude is comparatively small, Italy's Lido has a fine showing of their own nationals. Of those encountered by our camera, the Conte and Contessa Uberto Palastrelli di Celleri have an official link with London, he being the Duca del Monte's successor as Assistant Military Attaché at the Italian Embassy in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Charles Harding is from this country, and the Contessa Andres di Robilant, so famous a prima ballerina as Alanova, has Scottish as well as Russian blood in her veins. The di Robilants own the beautiful Palazzo Mocenigo on the Grand Canal, and also have a house outside Rome. New York-born Miss Melissa Reid, an intrepid traveller and the first white woman to journey through the Sultanate of Aussa, is related to the princely family of Rospigliosi-Gioeni. The Contessa Piercy di Mignano is Mrs. Benjamin Guinness's sister

ALL SMILING AND GAY AT THE LOUTH HUNT BALL



ENGAGED: MISS ANN BAILEY
AND MR. PIERCE SYNNOTT



THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY AND
MR. C. L. SAYERS, D.C.L.I.



ALSO ENGAGED! MISS PANSY REECE
AND CAPTAIN GODFREY PEASE



LADY HEMPHILL AND MR. CYRIL
McCORMACK



MR. J. A. HENDERSON (R.H.G.) WITH MR. AND MRS. MORRIS
KEATING. (ON RIGHT) MR. AND MRS. G. A. MURRAY-SMITH



MISS JEAN RYMOND, MR. FRANK FURLONG, MISS DÉDÉ HORNBY
AND EVAN WILLIAMS

It would seem to be a bit redundant to record that "a good time was had by all" at the Louth Hunt Ball. Look at the pictures or "if you want a monument look around"! There was reason in some cases—a coup de Cupid, for Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey's daughter Ann is to be married to Mr. Pierce Synnott on October 5 at the Oratory. The bridegroom-elect is at the Admiralty, and, in spare moments, well known with the Kildare. Captain Godfrey Pease, who is one of his Majesty's "Jollies" is in the same boat, so to speak, as he is affianced to Miss Reece, daughter of the Recorder of Birkenhead, Mr. Francis Bertram Reece. Miss Reece is well known with the Devon and Somerset. Captain Pease is stationed at Plymouth. Miss Sheila Digby is Lord and Lady Digby's second daughter, her father being an ex-Master of the Cattistock in the famous Consulship of Parson Milne. Lady Hemphill is a Galway Blazer subject, and Mr. Cyril McCormack, only son of the renowned tenor. Mr. J. A. Henderson is in the Blues, and so is Mr. G. A. Murray-Smith. Final picture is full of Grand National celebrities, as Frank Furlong won it on his father's Reynolds-town in 1935 (the horse also winning in 1936 ridden by Fulke Walwyn), and Evan Williams was Royal Mail's jockey in 1937

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT



ALGERNON THE SNACK-EATER:
JACK HAWKINS

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD:
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES, PEGGY ASHCROFT

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, as presented at the Globe, is altogether excellent: anybody who can appreciate comedy that glitters in both acting and dialogue must delight in it. It includes two performances that are point-perfect: the Lady Bracknell of Miss Edith Evans and the John Worthing of Mr. John Gielgud. The one, beneath a decoration of wit, concentrates within herself all the domineering, big-bosomed, middle-aged dragons that held sway until 1920 or thereabouts. The other is a figure of faultless fun, precisely stylised within its period.

For the first time, indeed, Oscar Wilde's best comedy has become a true period-piece, done with next to no attempt at burlesque. Only two of the seven rich rôles fall short of full success; and here the players seem conscious that the manners of the 1890's are quaint and curious. The rest apply serious attitudes to light lines and trivial occasions, which as a result become quainter and much more curious. The modes and manners provide their own tang, without need of emphasis. Among the females, these lace frocks, feather boas and greatly feathered hats, authentic in design and worn without exaggeration, tell their own period-story. Among the males, it is enough that high toppers alternate with the young gentlemen's, and elderly clergymen's, boaters; and it should be enough that Algernon Moncrieff's feet are embellished,

beneath his tight grey trousers, by button-boots with grey cloth uppers.

Such guying as there is derives almost entirely from the topsyturvydom which Wilde put into the pattern of his era. In this sense, the players in George Alexander's famous cast of 1894 had an easier task than those now produced by Mr. Gielgud. Dowagers, rectitude, decorum, and moral precepts had for long been in the saddle; outside art-circles and the Marlborough House set, it was still assumed (and even believed) that cynicism, like wrong-doing, was the pathway to damnation. And here, to the instant joy of the young and the bored, was a scintillating piece that startled the town with flippancies about the social code, and with epigrams that tumbled the copy-book maxims head over heels—"Divorces are made in Heaven"—"It is very painful for me to have to speak the truth"—

"Relations are simply a tedious pack of people who haven't got the remotest knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die." Whereas the cast at the Globe have no such help from shock-tactics, acting as they do before audiences who have been trained in the schools of Maugham and Coward. The fact that *The Importance of Being Earnest* is again drawing full houses emphasises that this is a brilliant comedy cut to a farcical design which can amuse any generation. But it also indicates that it benefits from first-class acting; for when the same scenes are played in average repertory they seem oddly stilted; and even at the Old Vic, the effect is absurd but precious, rather than heartless and exquisite.

POP OF THE PERIOD: JOHN GIELGUD

Here, then, are five distinguished performances and two that would ring the bell if a bit more style and a bit less vigour were applied. Miss Evans, with no sort of flourish, becomes a fantastic Holy Terror, oozing arrogance, character and the divine right of strong-minded aunts and mothers. When this Lady Bracknell, enquiring into the parentage of her daughter's suitor, learns that he was found in a handbag, her exclamation, "A hand-bag!" makes you feel that he has not only committed an indecency but been struck by lightning. Mr. Gielgud, for his part, never forces a line or posture: he turns phrases and strikes attitudes with an exactitude that touches the sublime. He is, in fact, entirely inside the 1890's. So, for that matter, is Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, whose smartly urban Gwendolen suggests the very essence of *fin-de-siècle* artifice. And so is the Cecily of Miss Peggy Ashcroft, a truly rural young girl of the period, blending grace with eagerness, simplicity with polite impudence. I wish I could include the Algy of Mr. Jack Hawkins in the same category of just-rightness. He does well enough by the comic incidentals, and admirably with his snack-eating; but he is inclined to heartiness, and amid these brittle situations is occasionally like a vigorous young bull in a china-shop. The stage directions for Act II. specify, "Enter Algernon, very gay and debonair"; and this he interprets by swinging his swagger-cane and following the pretty girl with a masher's relish, in a manner that reminded me of Whit Cunliffe, the best of the "light comedians" on the pre-war music-halls. Mr. George Howe, likewise, stresses the clergymanic unction of Canon Chasuble. Miss Margaret Rutherford is an ideal Miss Prism in manner and all else except physique: for that, she should be angular and tight-corsetted, instead of comfortably built. The Motley sets strike a nice balance between the exquisite and the artificial; and among the fragrances at large, only the bells and the bird-twitterings are overdone.

Wilde,
Gielgud
and
Evans



FREAKS AND DRAGON OF THE PERIOD: GEORGE HOWE, MARGARET RUTHERFORD AND EDITH EVANS

Priscilla in Paris

Written from Nîmes.

WOMAN proposes, but a *soupeçon* of doubtful fish disposes, Très Cher. After quite a fight I gave up the unequal struggle, and our very pleasant journey south was cut short, at this peaceful town, eighteen hours after the absorption of ye poison at a small but pleasant pub that shall be nameless. It was one of those rustic, modest places that abound in France, where everything is run by *monsieur* and *madame* themselves, and usually the food is excellent. I like to think, therefore, that the sudden heat was the cause of the fish that turned, and not bad treatment! I would never have imagined that one small mouthful of politely—but uncomfortably—swallowed fish could have wrought such havoc. I wish now that I had had the courage to behave like a certain young man from Omaha who, meeting *sole au gratin* on a menu for the first time in his life, took a heaping mouthful and, not appreciating its somewhat subtle flavour, rushed out of the restaurant, to return a few minutes later declaring complacently: "Some fools would have swallowed that!"

After three anxious days my stable-mate was persuaded to pack off by train to Nice, where duty was calling us, leaving me here to convalesce in the shade of the grand old trees that make the garden of the Hôtel Imperator so pleasant. When he has decided whether we are to sell the dear old 'ome on the slopes of Mont Boron overlooking Nice and the "Bay of Angels," or try and scrape together the wherewithal to satisfy the tax-collector and keep it going for another year, I shall take Nationals 99 and 100 towards the Route des Alpes, and meet him somewhere along the homeward trek. I can see myself and "Miss Chrysler 1924" cosily perched on a *borne Napoléon* watching for his cloud of dust on the winding road. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne . . ." and all that! By the way, I ought not to call our high roads "national" any more. At time of writing in this country, roads are à *grande circulation* or à *circulation secondaire*, for all that one still sees the time-honoured "N" on all the sign-boards and in the Michelin guide. Don't forget this when you are approaching cross-roads, and, if you are on a *secondaire*, for mercy sake give passage on your right—and be mighty careful about your left also.

I have not done much sight-seeing on this visit to Nîmes; besides, I know the *Maison Carrée* as I know my own pocket, but I made my first staggering stroll abroad last night, intending to visit the Arènes by moonlight, and had the 'orrid shock (Yus! In my weak state, ducky, you could a' knocked me over wif a fevver) of discovering a sort of *café-chantant* entertainment in full swing there. Desecration! Desecration! It might, perhaps, have been funny to hear a twentieth-rate radio entertainer piping her inanities in the midst of those marvellous stones, but I didn't have the courage to go in and see for myself.

On my return to the Imperator I found a nice little English boy in a bath-robe worriedly hunting for something in the roadway. He was a friendly lad, and told me his troubles. He had dropped all his money out of his window. I suggested that an open window was a funny sort of money-box, but he explained that he had been shaking the dust of travel out of his trousers before he went to bed, forgetting that there was money in the pockets! We found most of it, for his room looked over a side street, and he went off to bed again quite happily, but why, oh, why, hadn't his fond parents told him that a brush is better than a shake?—and anyway, all good hotels have *valets*.



CORINNE LUCHAIRE OFF DUTY

A holiday picture of the nineteen-year-old French film-star who, after making a big success in *Prison Without Bars*, capped it by another in *Confit*, which made its debut in Paris in January, and then came to the Carlton in London



Star Presse

PAULETTE DUBOSY

This pretty little girl was not so long ago a child dancer at the Paris Opera House, and has now become a young leading lady of the films, and plays the title-role in the forthcoming picture, *Bécassine*, which is to the children of to-day what *Shock-headed Peter* was to those of long ago

It is no penance to me to have remained here. I have no love for the Riviera, as you know. Indeed, I detest the crowded, frog-pond coast of the South as much as I love the silver-green hills and solitudes of certain parts of Provence. Despite the rather ghastly discomfort I suffered on the long and winding drive here, I welcomed the *détour* we were obliged to make on account of a land-slide which closed the *107bis* we should have followed, so that, from Florac onwards we had to get over to the old, disused N.106 that is little more than a cart-road, but which takes one through perfect scenery. The road twists like two snakes in rival epileptic fits . . . but it was worth it. Such soaring, twisting climbs; such long, swooping whirls down into the valleys, and all the time "Miss Chrysler" behaving like the perfect little old lady she is. Heaven forgive me, I doubted of her once. A queer, humming, twittering noise I simply could not place caused me to slow down. It became louder. I increased speed—I could still hear it. I slowed again and stopped entirely! It was louder still, but I recognised it at last as the song of the Provence *cigalas* which I had quite forgotten. I may detest the coast myself, but I must put it on record that never has the season been so brilliant at Cannes, Juan, and Antibes—but other people, cleverer at it nor I, will tell you all about that.

PRISCILLA.

STARS OFF PARADE— HOLLYWOOD AT LEISURE



JEANETTE MACDONALD, MILIZA KORJUS, LILY PONS, ROSA PONSELLE, IRENE DUNNE, LEW AYRES, ALLAN JONES, NINO MARTINI, IGOR GORIN, DOUG. MACPHAIL



"DOUG." JUNIOR AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (MARY LEE HARTFORD) AT THE THEATRE



GENEVIEVE TOBIN AT SUPPER WITH HER HUSBAND, MR. WILLIAM KEIGHLEY



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, FRANCHOT TONE, AND JOAN FONTAINE SUPPING AT THE TROCADERO

Photos.: Hyman Fink

In spite of all you read in publicity releases nowadays, Hollywood stars, as these pictures show, don't spend all their time off the set nibbling solitary ginger biscuits and reading Aristotle in hermit-like seclusion. Even Jeanette Macdonald broke into her homework (she is said still to practise her singing for three hours daily) to give a tea-party for the operatic film star, Lily Pons, whose diminutive figure stands so high in the musical world. The cream of Hollywood's other musical stars was at this party, including Miliza Korjus, the Polish soprano who came to Hollywood for *The Great Waltz*, by way of the opera-houses of Warsaw, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden. Her next picture is scheduled to be based on the thrilling career of Hungary's bandit-patriot, Rosza Sandor. Allan Jones is another screen singer, formerly soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Damrosch and vocal hero (in more senses than one) of that crazy *Night at the Opera*. Straight acting was well represented by Lew Ayres (Dr. Kildare to you) and Irene Dunne, who, with Charles Boyer, has swept this country in *Love-Affair*, a film as popular as it is distinguished. Others seen around Hollywood lately include Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in the audience this time for a change. Genevieve Tobin, who is married to William Keighley, the well-known director, was seen with her husband at the Trocadero, a popular Hollywood rendezvous; while Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine, were at another table with Bengal Lancer Franchot Tone

NIGHT AND DAY DOWN SOUTH



AT HER TAHITIAN PARTY:
DONNA LUCY SANGRÉS
AND MR. H. GURSCHNER



MRS. BERTIE
EDGAR AND MR.
D. MILNER



MLLE. SIMONE SIMON AND
MLLE. DELLAROVA



MRS. LEONARD PLUGGE

Daytime camera work outside the Carlton at Cannes resulted in this pleasant view of the Member for Chatham's wife. The Leonard Plugges' holiday didn't start too well, as he had a nasty fall aboard their boat, "Lennyann," which is normally moored off the Houses of Parliament. The Minister of Health (see right), who was photographed with his wife at Eden Roc, had to cut short his Riviera visit last week, to attend the full Cabinet Meeting which preceded the recall of all M.P.'s



THE IRVING NETCHERS GO
TAHITIAN WITH SUCCESS



GUESTS OF MISS ELSA
MAXWELL: MRS. EDYTHE
BAKER D'ERLANGER AND
BARON R. DE L'EPÉE

This Riviera page is principally concerned with a brace of good parties, one given by Don Alfonso and Donna Lucy Sangrés (Miss Lucy Asher as was) at their Villa Phœbe at Cannes, the other given by Miss Elsa Maxwell at Lou Paradou, Golfe Juan. At the first-mentioned frisk, dressing as for Tahiti was the big idea. Having spent the winter there, this came easy to the Irving Netchers, and artist Herbert Gurschner was garlanded in approved style, but Simone Simon wouldn't play. Eugenia Dellarova, seen with this famous film star, will be dancing at Covent Garden next month. Amongst Miss Elsa Maxwell's guests was the Duc d'Arenberg's cousin, whose family has been seated in Hainault for 1000 years



THE RT. HON. WALTER AND MRS. ELLIOT



ALSO AT MISS ELSA MAXWELL'S PARTY: PRINCE
CHARLES D'ARENBERG AND MME. AIMÉE LOPEZ



"THE POPULAR FAVOURITE" After the original painting by Ernest Prater

Today there are two other popular favourites—Player's "Medium" and "Mild." The famous "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes remain the unquestioned favourite with millions, but smokers of "mild" Cigarettes are becoming increasingly enthusiastic about the greater pleasure they are getting from this "Mild" blend of the unrivalled Player Tobacco.

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED





WHEN A SEAPLANE

By WING-COMMANDER E.

Some of them get a bit of quiet fun out of an accident like this when (and if) it happens and by whomsoever it is brought near find it a positive pest. The lady's weight is not given in the case of either the R.A.F. refugee or the one being rescued on occasion, as even a faithful hound does not seem to have stopped the R.A.F. from getting the pick of any loveliness. If a dog could crash into a holiday crowd on a beach, it is not impossible, and in any case any little facetious irregularity



HIT THE SEASHORE

G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

ought about. On the other hand, *vide* the figures in the middle distance of the artist's conception, some people
 attended to by the Navy. The Senior Service, in fact, seems to have had its eye wiped pretty severely on this
 on offer. Seriously, though it is highly improbable that any machine from any of our coastal command stations
 ities are excusable in so humorous a drawing, particularly as the artist is careful to display that no one gets hurt

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A LADY AND HER CHILDREN AND "OTHERS"



LADY DELAMERE AND HER CHILDREN: THE HON. ELIZABETH, THE HON. HUGH AND THE HON. ANNE CHOLMONDELEY



AT THE FOUNTAIN AT VALE ROYAL: THE HON. ELIZABETH AND THE HON. ANNE CHOLMONDELEY



WITH A PART OF THE EQUINE POPULATION OF VALE ROYAL



Photos.: Swaebe

THE HON. HUGH AND THE HON. ANNE CHOLMONDELEY



WITH SOME MORE LIVESTOCK: THE HON. ELIZABETH AND THE HON. ANNE CHOLMONDELEY

not far from the battlefield of Ancrum (1549), where the redoubtable "Maid of Ancrum" is reported to have fought on her "stoomps" after both her legs had been "cuttit off." Scott of Buccleuch, incidentally, severely defeated the forces of Henry VIII., and no sympathy at all was (or is) felt for the vanquished. The present Lord Delamere used to be in the Welsh Guards and has never been quite so politically-minded as his distinguished father, whom he succeeded in 1931. The late Lord Delamere was a political force in Kenya, where, incidentally, Lord Francis Scott, a brother of Lord George Scott, still is, and is a leading figure in the political world and a militant one at that



Stuart

THE EASTBOURNE SIDE v. THE CRYPTICS

The result of the recent battle fought at the Saffrons ground was a draw, but rather in favour of the enemy, for whose team see opposite page. It was a two-day match and Eastbourne got 296 all out in their first knock and 201 for three in their second. The names are, l. to r. (standing): D. Bournes, A. E. Gordon, G. W. Brewer, S. R. Nicholls, C. I. W. Richards and F. J. Kingwill (umpire). (Sitting) R. C. T. Wahl, A. E. Winter, J. C. Dalton (captain), J. L. Bryan, J. C. Whitehead. (In front) W. M. E. Winter and R. G. Raper

IT has been averred that a watched pot never boils, and this must mean that the moment you take your eyes off it, it will boil over. There is always the comforting reflection that if the cauldron we have before our eyes at the moment does boil over, it may put out the fire. Some people even go so far as to say that it would be a very good thing to let it boil over, because we are all so tired of this eternal simmering.

Ap[ro]pos just nothing at all, and with not a thought of anyone like our modern "Scourge of God" or the naval officer who has made him squeal with impotent fury, here are a few little cross-word puzzles for the studious: (1) Name any war in history that has been

the complete domination of Europe and the world. Rome at that time had a better fleet than the Hun. Ponder carefully upon this fact before answering; (3) Would Hannibal have won at Trasimenus and Cannæ if he had had to depend upon sea power? He had not at that time. Why did Rome win in the end? Would Scipio Africanus have had such a big success if his side had not held the seas? Supply a modern instance which is sticking out several yards. Why did Rome coin the phrase "*Delenda est Carthago*"? Is it applicable in any kind of way to-day? (4) Trafalgar was won in 1805. State why Soult escaped being Stellenbosched for his failure at Corunna (1809) and why Napoleon was eventually on a loser in the Peninsula and in the Hundred Days War; (5) State why success was achieved in (a) the Crimea, 1854, (b) the Great War, 1914-18; (6) If Mark Antony had not been tied to Cleopatra's apron-strings what in all probability would have been the result of the naval action off Actium?; (7) Gathering up all the answers to preceding questions, state in two words why success is certain to one side in the war of 19—. This last question is the easiest of the lot. Even the Herr Doktor Göbbels could answer it, so I am sure that Smith Minor can.

A thought of the moment: Brest-Litovsk and Backsheesh both begin with the same letter. A horse that always runs true to past form is a very safe one upon which to bet!

The Saboteurs and Foreign Spy Murder Squads, who may appear to have been taking quite a lot of wickets of late, do not always have things all their own way. There are many people on the other side (counter-espionage) who have quite as many buttons on and beat them handsomely at their own game. Here is a bald and perfectly true story, only the name of the officer concerned being suppressed for pretty obvious reasons. This officer had been instrumental in getting

Pictures in the Fire

won against an enemy possessing the complete dominion of the seas; (2) In your opinion would Attila have won the first battle of the Marne (Chalons 451 A.D.) if, in addition to his undoubtedly numerous and very fierce land army, he had had as good a fleet? Think hard and give any reasons why you think that if Attila had held the seas also, he might not have accomplished his ambition—



MARLENE AT EDEN ROC

A holiday snapshot of the renowned film star. Marlene Dietrich is going back to the States in September, where they say a big new contract awaits her



Addison

CELEBRITIES IN NIGERIA

On the left the Hon. Mr. F. E. Stafford, O.B.E., the acting Deputy Financial Secretary, with the Hon. Mr. A. E. V. Barton, the new Comptroller of Customs. The picture was taken after the close of the meeting of the seventeenth session of the Legislative Council



Truman Howell

AT THE UNITED COUNTIES HUNTER SHOW AT CARMARTHEN

In this picture taken in some particularly good sunshine are Mrs. Llewellyn Lloyd and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Mordaunt-Smith, she being Lord Oranmore and Browne's only sister. Mr. Mordaunt-Smith, formerly Welsh Guards, is in the Warwickshire Yeomanry

By "SABRETACHE"



MORE "CELEBS." AT EDEN ROC

Lady Peel, who is our Beatrice Lillie, with the Hon. Sally Banbury, Lord Banbury's only sister, and Sir Robert Peel, Beatrice Lillie's son

minutes. He therefore rang up his opposite number at the focal point, and found, as he suspected, that no car had been sent, and promptly ordered that one should be, and that it should have a suitable crew aboard it. He kept the bogus car waiting as long as he could. The rest it is not necessary to relate.

After that this particular officer found it

quite a number of the "enemy" put away, and so they made up their minds to get him if they could. One evening when he was dressing for dinner in his London flat his manservant (ex-batman) came in, and said that a chauffeur had rung the flat bell and said he had come with a car from the focus of action, where my friend was wanted urgently. That cut no ice at all. My friend went on tying his tie and ordered his servant to tell the chauffeur to wait below in the car and that he would be down in a few

desirable not to sleep in the same place too often, but they never got him; on the contrary, the opposition lost a good many members of its mess. They cannot expect to win all the time, and I believe that it would be a very good thing if these failures were more widely advertised than is at present the custom. They are very crude and clumsy quite often. On the other hand, the "enemy" has his successes, but usually it is considered undesirable to publish them abroad. It is far better to keep him guessing. I am afraid that a little friend of mine who preferred to be known as "Chimbwete" may be a casualty. He was a terrible thorn in their side—and he has completely vanished.

* * *

Whilst all who are film fanatics must have an enduring admiration for the crisp idiom of our American cousins, it is probably agreed by one and all that we might find some Transatlantic customs would be



Stuart

THE CRYPTICS SIDE v. EASTBOURNE

The opposition may be found on the page facing this one. The Cryptics got 403 for six (dec.) in their first innings and 127 for two (dec.) in their second and the result was a draw

The names are, l. to r. (standing): J. W. Jackson, S. T. Hutchinson, R. O. Sick, C. M. Simpson, E. S. Ragg, R. Kemp and Hicks (umpire). (Sitting) J. C. Wagener, F. J. Seabrook (senior "Cryptic," as he joined in 1921), H. F. Whitfield (captain), C. H. West and E. C. Collymore

not a little embarrassing. Take the one of the broadcaster at places of public entertainment and refreshment, who announces the arrival of any "celebs." An instance straight off the fire: "Folks, meet Lord Barnacle and his cutie—his Jane has just given him the woyks!"—meaning a completion of a formality which had been preceded by a few informalities. How trying to the staid Britisher if we had this sort of thing over here!

* * *

One or two letters have arrived as a result of a note on this page about some would-be fox-hunters from abroad. Some of the comments are a bit outspoken. One "huntin'" chap says that he thinks that I ought to have told the enquirer that we "prefer not to mix with people who hit below the belt, and that it would be far better for them to hunt the fox or any other animal they may fancy in their own lands." I feel somehow that this is very good advice at the present juncture in world affairs. In some other letters the language is even more direct and forceful, but it is not necessary to put hot things in cold print.



Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE UNITED COUNTIES HUNTER SHOW

The counties that "unite" are Pembroke, Cardigan, Glamorgan and Carmarthen. In the picture are Mr. J. P. J. Thomas, the Member for Hereford, and the Hon. Mrs. David Brand, Lord and Lady Dynevor's only daughter



POLO PLAYERS ALL

Mr. R. A. Budgett, Mr. J. P. Robinson and Mr. Alan Budgett who are always in action more or less. Mr. Robinson who plays a great deal in the Argentine has been going great guns for Adsean this season. The hard-riding Budgetts are the mainstay of Kirtlington, their very own club. All three of these players have been in the Blue Birds Team at the Dunster Tournament

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE sailor had shore leave and to reach the streets he had to pass the dockyard gates, where a Customs officer was on duty to make sure that nothing was smuggled ashore. Approaching the officer, the sailor said politely: "Will it be all right for me to bring some tobacco ashore to-morrow?"

"If you try to bring out more than the regulations allow," said the officer grimly, "you'll be arrested."

The sailor thanked him and went on. Next day he appeared again, and on passing through the gates was stopped by the Customs officer, who demanded: "Where's that tobacco?"

The sailor grinned broadly.

"I brought it ashore yesterday," he said.

THE superintendent of a zoo rang up the editor of a local paper.

"We have some news about the gnus," he said.

"Do you mean it's new news?" the editor asked.

"Yes. New news about the new gnus."

"But," protested the editor, completely bewildered, "all news is new."

"Oh, but we have some old gnus here," came the reply. "But I want to give you some new gnu news about the new gnus that the old gnus have got."

"Will you please write it?" suggested the editor, who was on the point of collapse, "and send it in?"

The next morning he received the following:

"I was trying to give you some gnu news about our two old gnus that have some baby gnus. Both the old gnus and the new gnus are doing very well."

"Who was our first President?"

asked the lawyer, hoping to test the intelligence of a witness.

"Washington," replied the witness.

"Right! And who was our second President?"

"John Adams."

"Correct!"

There was a pause.

"He's doing fine," whispered a friend of the lawyer. "Why don't you keep on?"

"I'm not sure who was the third myself!"

A bachelor took for himself a small, unfurnished flat. He was attending a dinner on the evening of moving-in day, so he decided to do the picture-hanging on his return.

He came home with a fellow-diner who had offered to help. Picking up a nail he began to hammer it into the wall, sharp end outwards.

"Look here, ol' boy," he said to his pal, "thish nailsh made all wrong."

His friend peered closely at the nail and, after a moment's deep thought, said: "Ol' boy, you're drunk. That nail belongsh to the opposite wall."

THE pride of the Scot may be illustrated by the remark of one who said that the quickest way to an interview with the manager of any great business house in London was to enter its doors, and just ask: "Is Mac in?"



HELEN HAYES AND HERBERT MARSHALL, WHO WERE IN "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN"

An intimate picture of two famous stars who have recently been appearing together on the stage in that home of films, California. The play was *Ladies and Gentlemen* (no connection with another play of the same name performed in London some time ago), adapted from the Hungarian of Bus Fekete by Helen Hayes' brilliant playwright husband, Charles Macarthur, whose collaboration with Ben Hecht produced *Front Page* and such-like successes. Helen Hayes has been having an exhausting time during the past few years interpreting Queen Victoria to American audiences for a considerable period of time, which suggests that Laurence Housman's play was even more successful over the Pond than in this country.



Photo: Hyman Fink

MICKEY ROONEY AND SWEETIE (?) — LILIAN LONG

Mickey Rooney has certainly "put his girdle round about the earth," but the fans who first welcomed him as Max Reinhardt's unconventional Puck must recognise that that sort of a star has to grow up. And here is a sign of the times—a flower from a lady. Soon we will be seeing Mickey Rooney over here; for he is coming over to make *A Yank at Eton*, inspired, no doubt, by the success of Robert Taylor's *Yank at Oxford*. Old Etonians will doubtless pray that a little of their Eton will be left unsubmerged by Master Rooney's vivacious personality, young Etonians that Miss Long and a little of the atmosphere of this picture will be introduced into the austerity of the School Yard. But will Mickey Rooney be elected to Pop?

when there is a man in the house," confided the brunette. "I don't see why you shouldn't, dear," purred the blonde.

"Fancy a girl wearing a flimsy frock like that with this cold wind blowing!" exclaimed a grim-looking woman. "She's absolutely gambling with life and death." "Well, my dear," remarked her husband, "you can't say she's a heavy gambler. She's only got a little bit on!"

MORE DEAUVILLE

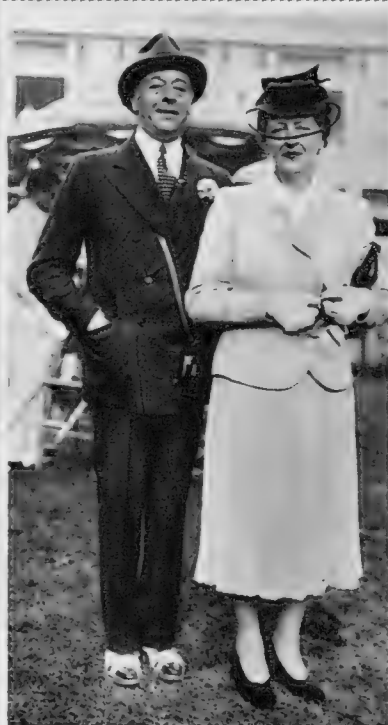


**THE HON. LIONEL AND
LADY HÉLÈNE BERRY**

Lord Kemsley's elder son and daughter-in-law come ashore from his yacht, "Princess," in Deauville Harbour, to go racing. Another feature of the High Season, which reached its peak last Sunday with the Grand Prix, is polo. Turn right for one of the keenest of onlookers who wears her fair hair in a fish net



**BARONESS ETTINE AND HER
AUNT, LADY NEWBOROUGH**



**MR. ALFRED PARKER AND
THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA**



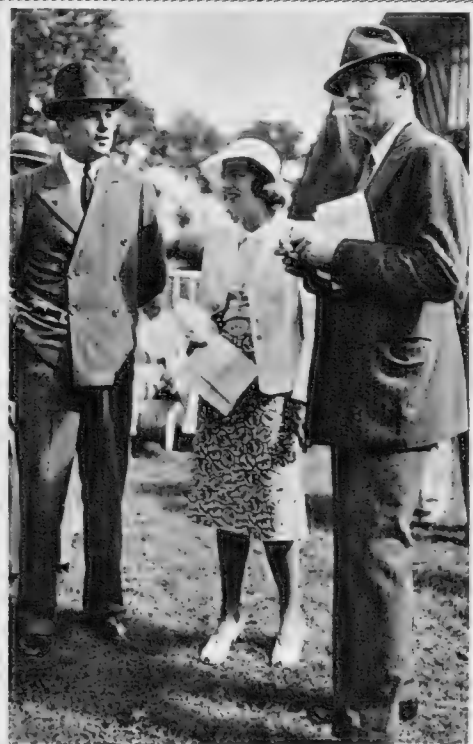
**MRS. MARK OSTRER
(KAREN PETERSON)**

The American-born actress wife of the English film-magnate, takes a 36-hour Deauville respite from her big part in *The Women*, and listens to her elder son's views on spotting winners. Above, centre, is another racing snapshot. Lady Newborough, who married the second Baron in March, was Miss Deniza Brawn, from Hungary



**THE COMTESSE DE LA
COUR WATCHING POLO**

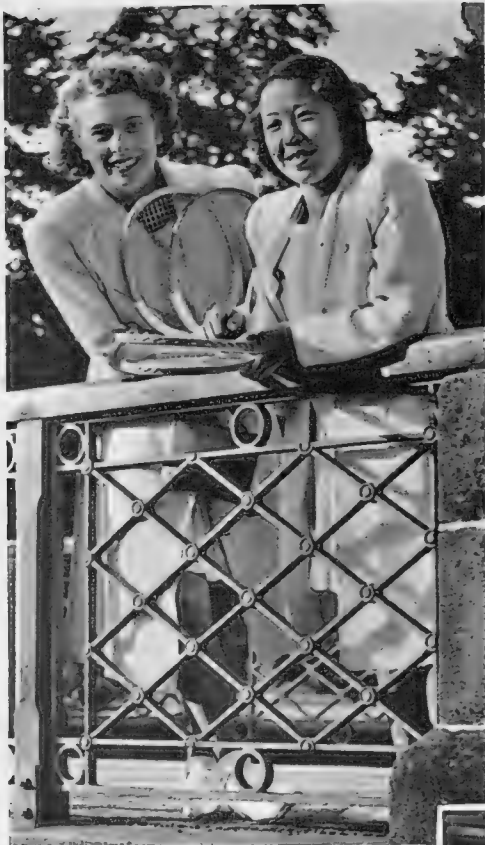
On the right and bottom right are more racegoers. Mr. Alfred Parker, Paris resident from U.S.A., owns a large racing stable at Chantilly. The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller is staying at Deauville with her eldest sister, Prince Aly Khan's wife



**THE HON. RICHARD STANLEY, THE HON.
DENISE YARDE - BULLER AND LORD
STAVORDALE
LEFT: MR. AND MRS. A. DE COURVILLE**

PRINCE SADRI, ALIAS "DIN-DIN"
One of the proudest competitors at the Deauville Horse Show was the six-year-old son of H.H. the Aga Khan, and the Begum Aga Khan. The amusing domestic snapshot on the right was taken on the Plage Privée. Mr. Albert de Courville, super stage showman, nowadays concerns himself almost entirely with film production

LAWN TENNIS : By GODFREY WINN



Stuart

MISS MURIEL HARRIS AND GEM HOAHING (WINNER AT BUXTON)

Gem Hoahing put up one of the best performances of her career when she reached the final in the Women's Singles at Buxton, and beat Miss P. L. F. Thomson 6-1, 6-4. Miss Muriel Harris, seen with her above, was her partner in the doubles in which they reached the Women's All-England semi-finals. Miss Muriel Harris is the ex-junior champion of Middlesex, and Girls' Doubles champion of Great Britain

the net. And very hard he hit it, too. I never had the pleasure of playing against him, but from the gallery at Queen's I have watched and admired his volleying *coups* on many occasions. It seems impossible to believe that so much ambitious strength, so much mental vigour, so much youth and sensitiveness are now irretrievably departed from this temporal plane. One more air disaster. You turn over the page. It is hardly news. But for his widow . . . well, one can only hope that it may be some consolation for her to remember always that her husband lived every moment to the full, and probably crowded more work and more play into his sojourn on this earth than many men who exist to be more than twice his age.

After all, if you believe in anything, you must believe in the greater comradeship of man that is crystallised at its best by the membership and camaraderie of a club like Queen's. Incidentally, I was delighted to see that "Dickie" Ritchie has just been elected to be its secretary, which is a triumph for the younger and more progressive element on the committee. Actually in Ritchie himself the two elements of the young and the old school meet and hold friendly sway together, for I can still see him in my mind's eye, aged about twelve years, following in the wake of his famous father, during the South of England Championships, and both dressed in identically the same type of white flannel overcoat. A real chip of the old block "Dickie" was; and though, in his own career as a player so far, he hasn't eclipsed the fame and reputation of his father, he is

THE tragic death of Anthony Crossley will be mourned not only among his many friends in the Parliamentary world, but also in another *milieu* in which he was equally a familiar figure. In the changing-rooms of the covered courts at Queen's Club he was often to be found, for like so many of us to-day, he found his relaxation, his escape from the eternal nervous dread of war, in hitting a tennis ball over

indisputably one of the finest doubles players in the country, and it was bad luck indeed that, owing to doctor's orders, he was compelled to scratch this year from Wimbledon. I think I am right in saying that at the age of forty-eight Ritchie senior succeeded in reaching the final at Wimbledon, and I have often watched him, looking down, in his retirement, from the members' stand at the protagonists of the new hit-and-hope-for-the-best school, and it has been only too obvious what thoughts were passing through his still-active mind. Anyway, I have no doubt that he will be happy to think that, from now on, his son and heir will be playing such an active part in the management of the club with which so many of his own greatest tennis successes have been linked, over more years than I myself have dwelt upon this earth.

Of course, we can't all hope to play like champions or possess the tactical knowledge of a Ritchie. Sufficient for us that we get the best sort of exercise, the best sort of relaxation in this war of nerves, in the best sort of company. That sounds a snobbish sort of remark, and if there is one class of person for whom I have a healthy contempt it is any sort of snob, but all I meant really to suggest was that tennis enthusiasts are like dog-lovers—a race apart. A crazy race, maybe, but at least it isn't a case of the unmentionable in pursuit of the uneatable! But everywhere I go to-day it is the same story: "Do you play tennis?" "What do you think of our new hard court?" "Who is the best coach for the children?"

It would seem to be more important even than a choice of careers. Mothers are realising at last what an asset it is in the marriage market for their daughter to look her best on the tennis court: sons are revolting from cricket, cricket, cricket, now that the soft-ball accusation has been squashed once and for ever. And personally, I am delighted that it should be so. I should be even more delighted if I could see any hope of inter-school fixtures being instituted and given equal official importance with the Lord's matches. That is just the stimulus that is still needed to produce another "Bunny" Austin: for another Perry, I have already suggested that the L.T.A. should pay a series of visits to the youth camps that are changing the whole holiday system of our country. They wouldn't be disappointed. There is abundant material here in the raw.

I received further evidence of this when last Friday I visited Captain Warner's largest camp at Dovercourt, and had all my work cut out to defeat the champion of the week. Now this boy had never received a lesson in his life or played in an open tournament, though I noticed that his keenness for the game had compelled him to save up to buy what by many is considered the best racket on the market—a Maxply—that is used, I know, by Kay Stammers, Pat Hughes, and, far down the list, by myself. I only draw attention to Ernie's choice of racket because ours happened to get muddled on the court, which drew my own attention to the fact that, for once, a keen youngster had a racket that was a help to accuracy and not a hindrance. Usually they have to make out as best they can, with an inferior make, re-strung, warped, and balls that have not received official sanction. Which is hardly conducive to improving the standard of their play. And yet, despite such drawbacks, the promise is there for all but the blind to

see. Take, for example, the youngster who partnered me afterwards in a doubles match. A boy of sixteen, he produced a self-taught service that would have earned him aces even in the very best company. What couldn't Maskell do with him in a couple of years, I thought. But I do not doubt that if I wrote a letter to the L.T.A., giving them the boy's name and address, and pleading that Maskell might be allowed one look at him, the rest would be silence. Now it happens that I played with Filby when he was also sixteen, and was the first writer to draw attention to his potentialities in print. Well, I would stake my reputation as a critic on the fact that this boy, whose chums in the camp called Cliff, and with whom I played at Dovercourt, is every stroke as promising.

(Continued on page 14)

JACK HYLTON—
LAWN TENNIS PLAYER

Caught just after he had come off his hard tennis court at Kingston Gorse, where he usually manages to collect the famous Crazy Gang for a bit of week-end exercise. A reference will be found in these notes

THE GOLF GAME IN PERTHSHIRE



SITTING IN THE SUN: LORD HIRST, THE HON. MRS. LESLIE GAMAGE, MR. REGINALD AND MR. LOFTUS WIGRAM



MISS SUSAN BLIGH AND MR. IAN GALLOWAY SIMILARLY EMPLOYED



H.M. EX-QUEEN ENA OF SPAIN AND COLONEL MYDDELTON



Photos.: Swaebe

MRS. ARCHIE CRABBE AND MRS. STANLEY CLARKE



MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM AND MAJOR CHARLES TREMAYNE



THE MARQUIS DE MERITO AND MISS MONA MARIS

All these pictures, of a number of people who are quite unassailed by the alarums and excursions of the passing hour, were taken at that vastly pleasant spot, the Gleneagles Hotel, which possesses some of the best golf links in all Perthshire. The patrons of the moment at which these pictures were taken were attracted from many parts of our own and other lands. H.M. the ex-Queen of Spain, who is as keen on golf as many other Royalties whom it is unnecessary to name, is a British princess as well as an ex-Queen. Mrs. Archie Crabbe hails from Montreal, and everyone knows where the former owner of Sergeant Murphy, the Grand National winner, and Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford, formerly Miss Mary Duncan, a Hollywood lovely, come from. The Marquis de Merito is also a visitor from another land. Major Charles Tremayne well known in the polo and Beaufort hunting worlds, and Mrs. Smith-Bingham, from Warwickshire, were taking a very cheerful view of things. Miss Susan Bligh, in one of the top pictures, is the younger of the Hon. Noel Bligh's daughters. Her father is a brother of Lord Darnley. Also sitting pretty in the sun are Lord Hirst, his daughter, and a couple of friends



MR. AND MRS. STEPHEN ("LADDIE") SANFORD

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"



THE SAPPERS WIN IN BANGALORE

The Royal Engineers' team which won the Bangalore Junior Handicap Tournament at the most salubrious station in Southern India, which is high enough to be quite pleasantly cool

The names, l. to r., are: Captain J. W. W. Howe, Captain J. F. Godwin, Lt.-Col. A. V. Anderson and Major L. Wansbrough-Jones

THE first contest in Kingston, Jamaica, for the cup presented in 1938 by Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., in commemoration of his successful expedition in command of a Hurlingham team, has been won, perhaps very appropriately, by the 2nd Battalion the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. The donor is a member of the Royal house—and, incidentally, the best polo-playing member of any royal house in history. There has never been any one of the blood royal in his class, and most probably there never will be, unless his nephew, young Lord Milford Haven, also a sailor, o'ertops him in the years to come. He has a long road to travel, however, before he can hope to get upsides in either knowledge or technique with his uncle.



THE 2nd KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY WIN THE HURLINGHAM CUP IN JAMAICA

This cup was presented in 1938 by Lord Louis Mountbatten, for Handicap Competition among the polo clubs in Jamaica, on the occasion of the visit of a Hurlingham team to the island. The Shropshires, who arrived in Jamaica last February, are the first to win it. Polo in Jamaica is referred to in these notes

The names are, left to right: Captain W. F. H. Kempster (2), Mr. R. L. Otter-Barry (back), Mr. J. D. Sale (1), Captain E. E. Down (3). They beat Kingston 10-5

any source of supply at a figure not too ruinous.

Reverting to the Hurlingham expedition to Jamaica, Lord Louis was not the first member of the British Royal family to play polo in that island, for his late Majesty King George V. played there in 1891, in a side made up from King's House, in which, naturally, the present Sir Charles Kavanagh was included. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has also played polo in Jamaica, and the late Prince Louis of Battenberg, father of Lord Louis Mountbatten, was in Kingston as a midshipman in H.M.S. *Royal Alfred* in 1869, but in those days polo had not percolated as far as the Gun Room mess.

As to Hurlingham's 1938 expeditions, they won all the four matches played against All-Jamaica: the first by 12 to 3, the second by 9 to 1, the third by 9 to 3, and the fourth by 9 to 5. Lord Louis Mountbatten had to return to England after the second one, owing to the illness of his brother, the late Marquess of Milford Haven, but he had with him Captain M. N. E. Macmullen, 10th Hussars, who, I think, is the best regimental No. 1 playing to-day, and very probably destined for even higher honours; Mr. J. P. Robinson, who is in the Adsdean team; and (in the first match) Major Robert Neville, R.M., who was the back of that fine Royal Navy side of 1936; and in other matches, Mr. J. H. G. Neville, Life Guards, and Captain L. H. H. Harris, late 9th Lancers, played, and did their job very well.

THE K.S.L.I. only arrived in Jamaica in February of this year, and it is therefore something of an achievement for them to have taken on and beaten Kingston Polo Club 10 to 5, for the polo pony does not hang on raspberry bushes (if any) in Jamaica, any more than he does anywhere else in the world, and, quite apart from the buying business, there is always that bothersome job of fitting! We have had a recent and rather painful example of the difficulty of this where Aidan Roark was concerned, for, apparently, they could not find one out of all they had that was exactly his hand-writing.

The Kingston Polo Club was founded in 1889 by, amongst others, Messrs. S. C. and Ted Burke, the brothers Sturridge, Mr. Herbert Robinson, Colonel H. M. Burke, and Dr. Turton, and they were greatly aided by the expert advice of some one known to-day as General Sir Charles Kavanagh, but who, in earlier times in the 10th Hussars, used to answer to the name of "Terry" Kavanagh. The club could not have

"THAT SUN THAT WARMS YOU HERE. . ."



MISS ROSEMARY WILLS BY THE LAKE AT AIX-LES-BAINS



CONVALESCENT GRACIE FIELDS SHARES A ROCK AT CAPRI



ALSO BY THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN: THE COUNTESS VON HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW (BARBARA HUTTON) AT CAPRI

Although Phoebus dutifully presented himself for crisis service in England to accompany the Prime Minister on his walks through St. James's Park, those who have been forced to view him from London through war-clouds, darkly, cannot but be envious of the ladies on this page by the blue Mediterranean, "beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay." Gracie Fields, anyway, has certainly earned her Capri rest after her gallant fight against illness. Another visitor to the enchanted isle has been the Countess von Haugwitz-Reventlow. Further north, on the Riviera, was Lady Iris Mountbatten, the lovely daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke. Still further north is Aix-les-Bains, where many notabilities have been "enjoying" the waters, while their offspring, like Miss Rosemary Wills, daughter of Captain Cecil U. Wills, M.C., J.P., have found the waters of the lac du Bourget very much to their taste



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN BY THE SEA AT EDEN ROC

THIS PARK CLOSES . . .

By MARTIN HARE

SHE was vilely dressed. Really vilely, in a lumpy green tweed coat and thick socks over her stockings, and mahogany-coloured shoes. If she had been well turned-out and cosmopolitan-looking, I should not even have seen her as I went past. I was, and am, sick to death of women like that. In fact, I never meet any other kind. You don't, once you're fool enough to get into diplomacy.

Fifteen years in diplomacy ends by convincing you that all women wear smart little black dresses and are about as interesting as the Embassy dispatch-boxes. Olenka's green coat and walloping, ugly shoes gave me an illusion that I might once have been young, after all. I hadn't had that illusion since I'd been twenty-five. And she was about as cosmopolitan-looking as a national flag! Her thick, short hair was as fair as butter, and her eyes a bright blue like flowers. Her nose stuck up in the air, and her complexion was like nothing on earth but wild strawberries crushed in a saucerful of cream. You could tell she was Polish a mile off. Of course, I'm damned if I know why she shouldn't have been, in a public park in the Polish city of Warsaw; but in diplomacy you get used to never meeting anybody in their own country. I've never known an Italian woman in Rome, for instance, and the only people I ever meet in London are Russians and Americans and Chinese.

So she was a sort of breath of romance to me. And, then, she was charming squirrels, walking about beside a sheet of water and singing to herself in a queer little cracked voice; and one of the creatures was sitting up inside her handbag, stripping a nut and as pleased as Punch. I've always wanted to have power over animals and to be on the spot when the cactus blooms once in a thousand years and all that sort of thing, although you wouldn't think it if you saw me in diplomatic uniform and tight boots, turned out at a railway station when a visiting royalty is being received. Diplomats spend more than half their time in railway stations.

I envied this girl terribly. It was pretty late in the year, and just before the sun went down for the day, and she had hoar-frost in her hair. I had a top-hat. I was walking back through the park to the Chancery after some idiotic reception or other. I felt full of cake.

I don't believe a man of forty is meant to feel full of cake. I mean, as the peak achievement of his day, it isn't enough. This girl in the green coat, with the bare, butter-coloured head and the ungloved hands, walking up and down and singing in that happy little voice as if she didn't give a damn, did something sudden and violent to me. I stood stock still after I'd passed her, and I felt that if I had to go on without speaking to her I'd just as soon drown myself in the park water and be done with it. But I didn't know what to say and I didn't know any Polish. They never think of asking you if you know the language of a country before they send you there. French will always get you through the railway station business, and that's enough for a diplomat. It came over me that I wasn't going to be able to have anything to do with her, and it was just as if I'd suddenly heard I had an incurable disease and was going to die. Perhaps I'd even have cared less. I suppose it was *le coup de foudre*. You hear of it all your life but you never expect it to hit yourself. Besides, I wasn't the type. I've always been too thin and tall, and even before I went to my first school I was reserved and had to wear glasses.

I turned round, anyhow, to get another look at her. She wasn't taking the faintest notice of me, although it was nearly four o'clock, when they close the park. I was the only person besides herself left in sight. She was talking with the squirrels. There were six or seven scrambling all over her, and she seemed to have names for them all. A couple of swans had come up, too, out of the water, and she was throwing them pieces of bread. There was nothing in the least elfin or wistful about her. I loathe elfin women. No, she threw the pieces of bread as though they had been cricket balls, and she was wind-blown and untidy. I dare say, really, she was a bit of a sight.

But I couldn't help walking back, and she looked round and saw me coming, and she didn't turn a hair. Simply waited for me to say something. So I did.

I can see myself now. Bowing, with the top-hat in my hand and saying, as you do in dreams, something completely unexpected and yet supremely sensible and even pedantic.

"Squirrels," I said, almost as if I were displeased with her, "are supposed to hibernate in winter. The artificial life of a city park is a plain contradiction of Nature."

The girl heaved a sharp corner-piece of bread at the furthest-off of the swans. It nearly hit me in the eye. Then she laughed, looked at me again, and said: "Please? . . . Will you not to say it again? I have not very well hear this first time. I do not the English very quickly understand."

So I said it again. I couldn't very well do anything else. Her understanding English at all didn't even surprise me by now. In a dream, I should have expected nothing less. "Squirrels," I said, "are supposed to hibernate in winter. The artificial life of a city park is a plain contradiction of Nature."

She took it rather like the squirrels themselves took their nuts. With her head on one side and a look of close attention. When she had cracked it, she said, in quite a pleased and admiring voice, as if she had at last found an intelligent schoolmaster, "A plain contradiction of Nature. That is very good. Oh, yes. Thank you very much."

"Thank you," I said.

It was rather a peculiar conversation.

She reflected for a while. Seriously. Never taking her eyes off my face. Then she said her bit. Pulling her weight in the Nature Class, you see. The bright and helpful pupil at the head of the form.

"Swans," she said, slowly and carefully, "are fowls with very many habits. Some habits they have who are not very nice. Every time, even when the weather does not make well, this old swan is wishing to have love. That is not very good. Oh, no."

"Swans," I said, suppressing a desire to thank her, "seem to have always been like that. There was Leda, you know."

She nodded. "Yes . . . Leda. I know her. My aunt had a bed with an image of Leda and the Swan. A very good iron bed with two images. There was also a mountain with snow and a very red sun. But my aunt did not know it was Leda until my uncle told her, and she was very sorry and she did take some crystals and wash her off. So then there was only one image and she was content. But I was a little girl and I was not content, because the Leda was much more pretty than the red sun and the mountain with snow."

She fastened her hand-bag and added: "And now we had sooner go. Here is the park-master, and he will say us that it is hour for shutting the gates."

So we went. She took it for granted that I should accompany her. But she was very silent. It was clear that she was meditating something. But once we had left the park she brightened up.

"Now I have remembered it," she said. "There was another lady, also. It was Europa and she was loving to a Bull. That was not very nice, either." She plunged back into profound thought and then produced, still more carefully, but with a great air of triumph and satisfaction: "Not very nice. A—plain—contradiction—of—Nature. I am very glad to have learn that. It is a very good word."

Then she left me. Walked right away from me in her awful shoes. She made a great noise on the pavement. I felt as if I'd lost my fifth rib. But I saw her again the next day. In the same place, of course, and the same company. We took up our conversation where it had begun, before it had been diverted into consideration of the moral effect of Nature-study upon Leda and Europa.

"After the first snow they will all go insleep," she said. "Many are insleeping now. But it is still not cold and they are given much food. Is it not so, my Kasha, my Basha?", seizing and kissing two which were sitting up on her shoulders.

To impress her I told her I had had a tame squirrel when I was a little boy. It wasn't true. When I was a little boy, nobody would have dreamt of allowing me to have anything of the kind. The only things I had been allowed to have were things I didn't want. Such as glasses.

(Continued on page 408).



*T*he late summer and early autumn evenings in London usually provide the most delightful weather of the year. There is no better time to go Greyhound Racing at the world-famous White City. Your private dinner party can see every yard of the race from their seats at your table. They will enjoy the sport of Racing Greyhounds which has been the delight of all the ages; for the wonderful speed and matchless grace of the "long dog" have been known and admired from century to century since the earliest recorded eras. But *please* book your table in advance. *Shepherds Bush 4373.*

THIS PARK CLOSES . . . —(Continued from page 406)

She was awfully pleased. "What did you call your squirrel?" "Nutcracker," I lied. I had to explain that. She thought it was a very good name and, as usual when she approved, she thanked me very much.

"Did Not-krakair live in a tree?"

"No. She was very tame. She never left me. She lived in—she lived in my pocket."

Olenka clapped her hands. "Oh, how nice that is! And in winter-time, when she must go *a-sleep*" (her English was already improving), "where does she live?"

I reflected. Where, indeed, had Nutcracker passed the winter? Certainly nowhere known to the little boy I remembered. Why, the little boy himself had never been able to hide away successfully for five minutes. An idea came to me. After all, why not? I was having the time of my life, anyhow; lavishly crediting myself with pet squirrels and happy childhoods.

I said boldly: "My mother let her sleep in the linen cupboard. Near the hot-water pipes. My mother was awfully fond of Nutcracker. You see, my mother was very young, and she played with me a lot."

I added firmly: "With us, I should say. For I had four brothers and three very pretty little sisters. We were a large and happy family."

It was splendid, telling all those lies. I enjoyed them immensely. As well as Nutcracker, I now learnt from my own lips I had possessed a pony of my own and a ferret; and I had been able to imitate to perfection the notes of wild birds. About this last I had a moment's panic. Supposing she asked me to start doing some at once? But she didn't. Not she. Every other woman I have ever met had a deep instinct for suggestions I didn't want made. Olenka just kept on steadily making you feel grander and grander.

Every day after that I used to meet her in the park. The Chancery practically opens into it. I never saw her wear anything but the thick green coat and, when the autumn afternoons got a bit sharp, she covered her head with a little knitted helmet, hiding her ears and strapping beneath her chin, like a ski-runner's. And I never saw her anywhere else, although I never stopped looking for her wherever I went. I knew she knew all the people I did, for she could do wonderful imitations of them. She never asked me for my bird imitations, but I was always asking for hers. She was killingly funny. I never laughed so much in my life as I did that autumn in the Park Lazienki. I never will again. She used to take off the Ambassadors and the Counsellor's wife, so well that I could almost stand them both afterwards at the official parties where we had to show up. I felt I could afford to feel quite kindly towards them. They were far and away the best value we had for our afternoons. Compared with them, Ministers, however *cocasses*, and visiting foreign plenipotentiaries, were unquestionably in the second class.

I was mad about her, of course. More than anything, she made me feel that I was real, after all. You may be quite used to feeling so. Olenka certainly was. But I wasn't. More than anything, out of all she did for me, that was the wonder and the miracle. To be really aching and dying for it to be three o'clock again and the time for meeting her, instead of just winding yourself up to go and meet somebody because you'd met them before and they'd telephoned and the day had to be filled up somehow. To be in a real hurry, snatching up your hat and almost running across the Aleja Ujazdowskie for fear of losing a minute with her. To know real fear when her green coat melted into the trees and grass, and you thought for one fearful instant that she'd got sick of coming and you'd never see her again. I never could understand why she didn't get sick of coming or why she was so heavenly good and kind to me. I never said anything you might expect it to have pleased her to hear. I never even once told her I loved her. I simply looked and looked at her and walked about with her, and sometimes told her dry bits of history about the places we were walking in. A tall, long-nosed, silent Englishman in a silly hat and tube-like trousers, walking about endlessly at her side and, you would have thought, boring her to death. The only sensible thing I ever did was to buy her inexhaustible paper bags full of nuts and marrow seeds for squirrels.

She didn't seem to know anything you'd have expected her to know. She even mixed up the kings and princes who'd lived in the little Summer Palace which gives the place its name. But it was she who showed me the hooved stone

satyrs, cocking a snoot at us out of the untidy hornbeam hedge. It was she who took my hand and made me linger before the perfect, pale shapes of women that starred the lawns and gardens; until I almost desired cold stone and could have sworn it was living and warm. She was the merry, insouciant Polish audience that must have clapped its hands and applauded the players in the open theatre, like a Greek circus, on the island in the middle of the artificial, carp-haunted lake. She didn't really listen, only pretended to—she was very polite—when I told her that Belweder, the second of the palaces, reached by a gate we seldom used, had once been the private china factory of the King Stanislas Poniatowski. But when I brought her a cup and saucer painted with wild flowers, and gave it to her, she knew at once how beautiful it was, and cried out with pleasure in it before I told her that it belonged to the first and best period of Saxe, and was the favourite design of the Polish King and his fellow artists, who were for ever trying to reproduce it. I am certain that even then she had not the faintest idea that I had paid almost thirty pounds for it.

Although I was so happy, I was terribly unhappy, too. I suffered horribly because she never asked me any questions. But she never did. If she had so much as asked for my telephone number I would have known I really meant something to her. That, if ever there was a day when I didn't come, she would have gone into the little tailor's shop on the other side of the pavement opposite the gate we nearly always used, past the dirty window with the coloured cut-out of a telephone pasted on the glass, and, with her most careful, not-a-single-blot-in-her-exercise-book air, spun the dial on the wall and asked for me. I knew just what she would have to do, for more than once I went in myself for the sad, mad pleasure of rehearsing it all. To this day, the bitter reek of a hot iron pressing a wet cloth makes me feel as if I'd been hit on the head. She never did ask for my number. She never asked for anything. There was nothing I had that she wanted.

The snow came and the squirrels rolled themselves up in their damned tails—or, anyhow, Olenka said they did—in their jolly, comfortable holes and went to sleep. I couldn't sleep. Except in the daytime, when it made me feel sick. The sheet of water froze and the swans sat indoors in their maisonettes at the water's edge and enjoyed the warmth of the straw. Snowflakes sometimes settled an instant on Olenka's woollen helmet and then melted into her hair. Once or twice, when it was very cold, her eyelashes were all rimed with frost and stuck out, white and brittle, around her blue eyes.

Then one day I took her little paw, in its woollen mitten, and kissed it, and she was surprised and laughed, for the English, she said, do not kiss hands. She was full of information about the English, whom she admired very much. I said, "I can't bear it any longer. Every night I have a nightmare in which I am in the park, after four o'clock, alone, and all the gates are locked. And you are somewhere on the other side of the gates and nobody will tell me where, and though I ring and ring at the gatekeepers' lodges, nobody comes out to speak to me, and there isn't a chink of light between the shutters. And I waken up sweating and fighting. It's not to be borne! I have to know more about you than this damned park! It's as cold as hell here, anyhow, walking about under these bare trees. We must go somewhere else. You must come to me somewhere where I can keep you warm and safe."

As I spoke, I could hear the wind rising in the trees. A gusty, icy wind, blowing all the way from Russia. Harried leaves rattled like tin in the deserted walks.

She looked at her mitten where I had kissed it. It was blue like her helmet. Then she gave me her other hand and said, "There. Kiss that one, now."

Then she laughed and said, "So you really do not know? I have never meant to hide it from you. I would not have bothered. I am one of the maids that are at the Chancery. It is where I learn my English. My uncle he is hall porter. Often I get your room to dust. I wear one black dress and cap and apron white and black stockings. I like green much better and blue I like best of all."

I never went back. I never saw her again. An artist or a shop-girl, even. . . . Perhaps. But a maid. . . . I couldn't face it. I've never been able to face anything. And I've never been alive since. That is my punishment. As for her, I don't believe she cared a straw. She was kind to squirrels, too, and gave them gentle words and nuts. She must have known all the time that I wasn't really a man. I wish, though, that I had never found it out myself.



"Who is that?"

Hershelle
MODEL

Doesn't she look on top of the world! And probably feels it too—for that suit of hers is built both for comfort and chic . . . The jacket, shaped like a cardigan, is in striped jersey, cunningly used (Note the novel pocket motifs!) The gored and pleated skirt is in jersey, too, but plain . . . A Hershelle model, of course, from the new Autumn collection . . .

★ Look for the name HERSHELLE on the label . . .
HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

A Lady from Derby.

THE other day in Derby, I met a very charming lady. So charming, in fact, that I took her out for a run—and I was not disappointed; for she was the sweetest thing I'd travelled with for years. Though her manners were the soul of propriety, she needed but the gentlest caress to fall in with my whims. And though she could be so demure, if one felt in the mood, I found her both sprightly and entertaining. But what most attracted me was her gentleness, the grace and delicacy of her movements.

They christened her the "Wraith" at Derby, and named her well; for she moves like a ghost, a whisper of speed immune from the road. Her answers to demands for changes in direction or velocity were given with a charm and assurance that made me step up my previous ideas of breeding and behaviour as applied to quality cars. For I had just left two cars which, in their respective spheres, are reckoned by the critics as the criterion of comfort and control. My friend the "Wraith" made them look as gauche as a schoolgirl compared with a débutante.

Round about the Skid-pan.

Adjoining the Rolls-Royce works at Derby is a circular sheet of concrete, its rim slightly turned up to prevent accidents. From its centre projects a pole which, in conjunction with a telescope, an accelerometer, and other apparatus whose function was beyond my understanding, enables the *piâtre* square experts to determine the stability and steerability of cars encircling the flat inner rim of this Brooklands *minimus*. The Rolls-Royce chaps call it the "skid-pan," because some cars, when undergoing this policy of encirclement at the top speed allowed by the track and their own steering design, suddenly decide to do the most extraordinary things. The "Wraith," on the other hand, has no vicious tendencies.

It Pays to Lubricate.

A chat with my local garagist revealed one reason why the results obtained by different users of the same make of car vary so enormously. It seems incredible, but there are many drivers who confine their attentions to their cars to replenishment of petrol,

oil, and sometimes air and water. Month after month they keep on driving, without giving the chassis-bearings a thought. And then, at the end of ten or fifteen thousand miles, they say the car's no good, it's worn out! Let me tell you this from practical experience. Even the cheapest car on the market will give first-rate service for 50,000 miles if you give it a little regular attention. Just turn it over to the service station for half-an-hour's oil up every 1000 miles, and you'll be amazed how its useful life will be increased. Today, with good Tecalemit chassis-service plants all over the country, there's no earthly reason why a car shouldn't have a square deal and a fair chance in life.

And, on this subject of lubrication, you'll soon notice a new garage technique. When you call for petrol the mechanic will probably ask your permission to check your oil-level. In the States he'd do it without asking, and then tell you if you need more oil, or the sump draining. This new routine is due to the ever-enterprising

Wakefield oil people. But before they started it, they sent out a country-wide *questionnaire* asking motorists if they would object to or approve this service. Ninety-six per cent. agreed.

M.G. on the Warpath.

A spy in Abingdon-on-Thames tells me the M.G. folk are up to mischief again. It appears that Major Gardner's machine, having had its engine-size increased to get it into another class for record-breaking purposes, is now having it slimmed down with a view to a sensational attack on the 750-c.c. speed records. But more of this later.

Saturday's Tourist Trophy Race.

Followers and fans of motor sport will (all well) foregather at Donington Park between Derby and Nottingham, on Saturday, to witness the R.A.C.'s International Tourist Trophy race. There are thirty-six entries in all, divided into classes. In the two larger classes, French Darracqs and Delages will battle with a British S.S. "Jaguar." In the two-litre class, the struggle lies between groups of Frazer-Nash, B.M.W., an Anglo-German cross, and several Aston-Martins; while in the smaller categories, Rileys, Lancia, M.G., Fiat, H.R.G., Morgans, Singers, and a Rapier constitute the field.



A LUNCHEON-PARTY GROUP AT POPULAR VITTEL

Vittel, attractive Vosges watering-place, is now nearing the peak of its season and social occasions come thick and fast. Here is a recent one, a luncheon-party given at the Hotel l'Ermitage by Baron Marochetti, so well known in London and Paris Society. Sitting are (from left) Mlle. de la Motte, the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, sister-in-law of Lord Strathmore, the Princesse de Beauvau-Craon, and Mme. C. Bouloumié. Standing: M. Jean Bouloumié, Major Mazoyer, Major d'Arexy, the Prince de Beauvau-Craon, Baron Marochetti, Lord Annaly, and the Marquis de Montaigne. M. Jean Bouloumié is Vittel's genial Mayor, and the Prince de Beauvau-Craon is President of its Polo Club



AN M.G. "MIDGET" COUPÉ IN THE COTSWOLDS

Touring the beauty spots in an M.G. "Midget" coupé is a pleasant business for many reasons, one being its folding head. This has the "Tickford" quick-release screen rail fastenings, and is adaptable in three positions, closed, coupé-de-ville and fully open

ALVIS *for* 1940

Policy unchanged—Performance still unparalleled



THE IMPROVED 12-70

Many improvements have been made to the 12/70 h.p. Alvis, and its equipment is now on the same luxurious scale as the larger cars in the range. The radiator grille is now vertical and the headlamps have been increased in size and efficiency. The seating, redesigned, is fitted with Dunlopillo Overlay Upholstery. Other new equipment includes rear bumpers and twin wind horns. Its maximum of over 80 m.p.h., with its superlative roadholding, enables the 12/70 to put up very high average speeds in the utmost comfort and safety. Saloon £435. Drophead Coupé £445. Sports 4-seater £425.

For 1940 Alvis offer a range of models, modified from time to time during the past year, and proved by comparative tests to give performance probably without equal. Alvis cars, never changing for changing's sake, are made by unhurried hands with infinite care, and have achieved a standard of efficiency and luxury envied throughout the world. Drive an Alvis for its inimitable performance . . . ride in an Alvis and you will discover immeasurable comfort.

THE SPEED '25' is supremely smooth and silent at either 9 or 99 m.p.h.—yet it carries a luxurious coachbuilt body. With Alvis independent front wheel springing and steering, its roadholding is unsurpassed. It has all-synchromesh gears, automatic chassis lubrication and a dash-operated ride-control. Driving vision is exceptional; comfort is outstanding at all speeds. One of the fastest cars on the road, yet a safer, more pleasant car to drive does not exist. Sports 4-seater £735. Saloon £885. Drophead Coupé £885.



THE 4.3 LITRE. Maximum speed over 100 m.p.h. 70 m.p.h. from rest in 16 seconds. One of the two fastest closed cars made in this country, with superlative comfort and complete absence of noise or vibration even at the highest speeds. Its features include Alvis independent front wheel springing and steering, all-synchromesh gears, automatic chassis lubrication and dash-operated ride-control. 4-door Saloon £995. Sports Tourer £995. Drophead Coupé £1,065. Special Saloon by Vanden Plas, £1,195.



Howard Barrett

THE C.O. AND OFFICERS, NO. 504 SQUADRON, AUXILIARY AIR SQUADRON

The picture was taken, when this unit, the City of Nottingham one, was at the Hucknall Aerodrome, at the Duxford R.A.F. station, in Cambridgeshire. It is a bomber squadron, and Sir Hugh Seely, who commands it, was a Grenadier Guard from 1917 to 1919, and a South Notts Hussar from 1920 to 1923

The names in the group are, standing, left to right: Pilot Officer A. G. P. Brightmore, Pilot Officer Lord Allerton, Flying Officer J. S. Owen, Flying Officer J. M. G. Browne, Flying Officer W. L. Dunn, Flying Officer A. H. Rook, Flying Officer G. W. L. Darwin, Pilot Officer M. Rook, Pilot Officer P. T. Parsons, Flying Officer K. W. Gough, Pilot Officer E. M. Frisby, Pilot Officer H. T. Gilbert (Assistant Adjutant). (Sitting) Flying Officer G. Greaves, Flying Officer W. B. Royce, Flight-Lieutenant F. S. Piper (Equipment Officer), Flight-Lieutenant J. B. Parnall, Squadron-Leader H. D. U. Denison (Adjutant), Squadron-Leader Sir H. M. Seely, Bart., M.P. (Commanding Officer), Flight-Lieutenant R. Hartley Watson, Flight-Lieutenant M. M. Hutchinson, Flying Officer G. R. A. Wilson, Flying Officer R. W. Harker, Flying Officer R. M. Power (Liaison Officer), Pilot Officer M. E. A. Royce, Pilot Officer D. Phillips, and Joey (C.O.'s dog)

Scale Effect.

ONE of those semi-scientific slabberdegullions who are always snooping around for snags, has remarked that "the exquisitely smooth skin on the cheek of some lovely girl" when magnified up enough, looks like a "shell-pocked battlefield." Personally, I cannot see why one should magnify up "the skin on the cheek of some lovely girl," or, indeed, do anything to it other than that which comes naturally to mind as being both appropriate and pleasing. But with certain man-made things (as opposed to cosmetic-made things) there is occasionally an advantage to be had by looking at them under different magnifications. It is a point which occurred to me when glancing over the aeroplanes which have been entered for the King's Cup air race and the Wakefield Challenge Trophy air race at Birmingham on September 2.

These aeroplanes, and, indeed, most aeroplanes, whether racing, service or civil, when seen from far enough away, appear to be smooth and sleek streamline forms. Examined from a few yards away they may still look smooth and sleek though slightly less so. But examined from a few inches away they appear as "shell-pocked battlefields" with a few chasms, gorges, mountain ranges, volcanoes, and canyons thrown in for good measure. We have begun to make aeroplanes smooth, but only begun. We have far to go yet. I remember in about 1918 flying an Italian aeroplane which, so far as the wing surfaces were concerned, was as smooth and well finished as anything going about to-day. Yet to-day we appreciate much more clearly the importance of smoothness.

Air Flow.

Lift is obtained in an aeroplane by pushing the wings through the air so that air is deflected downwards and the aeroplane is deflected upwards. If the air is treated too roughly it congeals into a sort of sponge which can do no useful work on the wings, or, in other words, it becomes turbulent. In keeping the air smooth and so enabling it to do work, the first requirement is the appropriate over-all shape of the body driven through it; but then there is also the surface smoothness of that body.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Work going on now in America and in this country shows signs of producing some very remarkable results in new wings capable of much higher efficiencies than the older ones. One of the outstanding things about such new wings is their smoothness. Consequently I feel that aero-

planes still have a long way to go before they reach a state of full development. They will have to become so smooth and so perfected in exterior shape that they will be able to stand the magnification test without looking like a shell-pocked battlefield. Racing machines, in particular, and all that go for speed, must be microscopically correct as well as macroscopically.

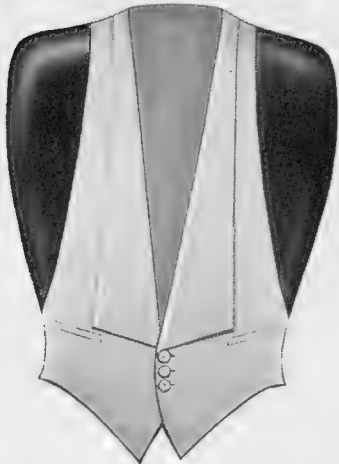
Back to the Pusher.

Like old furniture, old types of aeroplane sometimes come good back into favour. The pusher seems likely to make good headway among the private-owner aeroplanes. With the crowded aerodromes of to-day unrestricted forward view is of the utmost importance and the pusher gives it. Moreover, one of the things in which air travel is shortly going to have a big pull over surface travel is avoidance of fumes.

Anyone who had the misfortune to have to drive about much in a motor car during the hot spell ten days ago, found the fumes almost unbearable. In London the smell and smoke in the streets are enough to make one ill. One gets used to them, but after returning from a day or two in the country or by the sea, one suddenly realises the appalling condition of the streets. They are laden with fumes. The exhaust from some of the omnibuses—directed so that it goes into the open window of any luckless car that happens to have drawn up alongside—is positively and potently sick-making. Air travel offers an escape from those fumes. In an ordinary tractor they are not so noticeable as on the road. But in a pusher they are entirely unnoticeable, and the aeroplane enables its passengers to enjoy an experience not obtainable in any other way, that of travelling in fume-free air. It may be quicker by rail, or cheaper by omnibus, or more comfortable by motor car; but it is certainly and noticeably cleaner and healthier by air.



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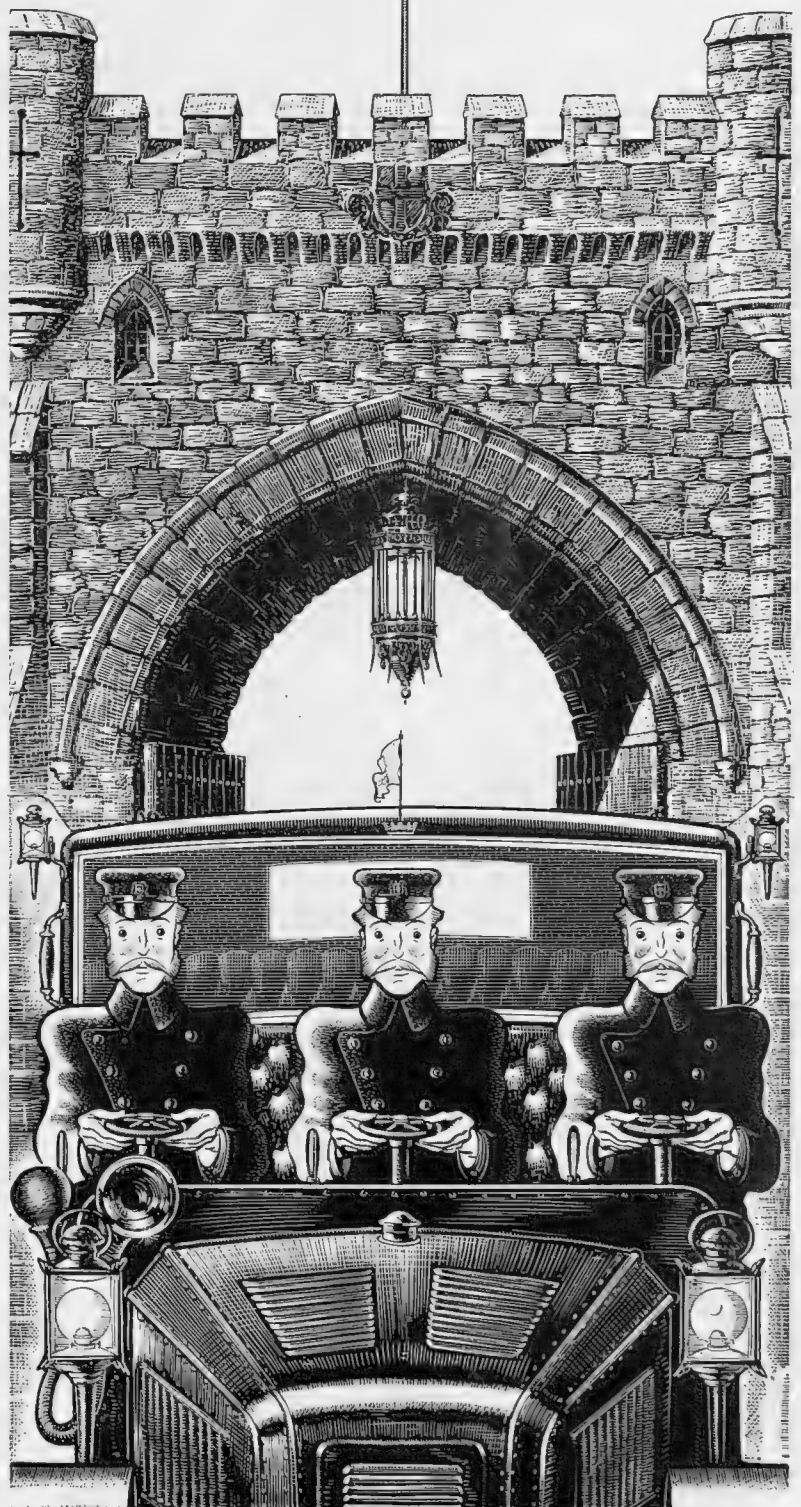
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*R. J. Forhan
D.D.S.*

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a Castrol fan was he
He called for his car
He called for his oil
And he called for his chauffeurs three



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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke

IT is a transitory period through which we are passing, and it is essential that no mistakes be made, as they cost too much money. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have assembled in their salons a collection that is simple and practical and, in the cleverest manner possible, so arranged that the wearers may express their own individuality. An attempt is made to emphasize or draw attention to the waist; soft draperies are likewise introduced, on the hips as well as at the back. Foundation garments are all-important, as, no matter how lovely the dress, it loses much of its charm unless these are perfect. The two dresses pictured may be seen in these salons. The one on the right is carried out in satin with a silver brocaded design; the flowers on the shoulder are of the same material. It is frocks of this character that will be in the forefront of fashion as the season advances. The other dress is primarily destined for the younger woman; it is enriched with lace flounces embroidered with sequins and tiny sleeves



Picture by Blake



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The illustration shows an original use of diamanté clips, of which there is a wide selection in our Fancy Jewellery Department on the Ground Floor.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)

TALKING OF MANY THINGS

A New Foundation Garment.

CAPRICE have introduced a new foundation garment for which it is safe to predict a phenomenal success. A casual glance suggests a princess slip—indeed it is several garments in one. It is fitted with an Alençon lace bra-top and lace cascading down the centre front. The low evening back with Talon closing assures the wearer of a perfectly smooth contour and what is more, its hose supporters are completely concealed, while the over-skirt section flares gracefully to give full freedom in walking. Made in two different lengths, it is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, application must be made to Caprice, 14 Heddon Street, W., who will send the name and address of their nearest agent, together with illustrated brochure. The Caprice strapless brassières have been warmly applauded—they simply cannot slip. They are cut low at the back and are primarily destined for women who do not need diaphragm control. There are others for those who need diaphragm control. They are made of lace with strappings to give a firmer line and to prevent shrinkage. Hooks hold them firmly to the foundation garment, and the cut assures the fashionable uplift effect.

A Symphony of Floral Perfumes.

THE modern perfume is a highly elaborate affair—a symphony of scent—and may contain as many as two hundred ingredients. It is a masterpiece by a man who has worked on it for months at a time, blending and testing, testing and blending. Like a musician, he composes first on paper and subsequently experiments with the essences.

Floris, of 89 Jermyn Street, excels in the creation of floral perfumes. There are few flowers whose fragrance he has not captured and imprisoned in glass bottles. One of his latest triumphs is Honeysuckle (from 6s. 6d. a bottle), and is endowed with the charm of this flower of the Devonshire lanes. Some women sprinkle a few drops on their windowsill so that when in town they awaken to the scent of the countryside. Of course all the luxuries and necessities of the toilet may be obtained endowed with the wondrous fragrance of this flower. "Bluebell" is really Floris's latest achievement. It is quite closely related to "Lilac," nevertheless there is a subtle difference. All interested in the subject must write for the brochure, as it is of the greatest assistance in choosing a perfume.

Packing Without Tears.

NOTHING is more annoying than to arrive for a weekend and find that the one dress which you meant to wear that evening needs pressing. But now the days of tears and tissue-paper are over. Rivoli, in Gooch's, Knightsbridge, have produced a "Travel Compact" for only 12s. 6d. Simply fit your dresses on to the hangers; three are included in this price, and extra ones can be bought. At least a dozen frocks can be packed in this way, as fresh and uncrushed as they would be in a wardrobe. The "Travel Compact" is neatly finished, in blue or brown, and extremely light to carry. Another model, in a stronger material and fitted with six hangers, costs 25s. A ring is fixed at the back, so the "Compact" can be hung on the wall with your dresses in it. On a cruise, where space is

limited, your frocks can live on the hangers, and this invaluable case can act as an extra wardrobe.

The First Rose of Autumn.

THE first descriptions of the autumn collections all tell the same story—the fashion is feminine. Make-up must follow in its train, so Tourneur, with their uncannily prophetic instinct, have designed a new "soft" lipstick, the perfect complement to the subtle shades of early autumn. It is pink, a gentle flattering colour that brings a vital glow to your lips. Soft and natural, this is the shade to wear not only with pastels and white, but as a contrast to dark town clothes. Go to the Tourneur salon in Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, and ask to try their new "soft" make-up. Crème and Powder rouge are individually blended in harmonizing tones, and their new Pearl Blending Base gives an even softer effect than before. For weekends and autumn cruises, remember the Tourneur policy of cutting down the number of essential bottles and pack their three-purpose cream, for cleansing, nourishing and toning, and the hand cream which can also be used as a foundation. Add the "A" lipstick and rouge and you can face up to any occasion.

Nailing It Down.

IN that last-minute rush to get down to the country for the weekend, a compact case of nail necessities is as good as an extra quarter of an hour. Revlon have come to the rescue with their "Quick Trick," a convenient little tweed case holding Revlon nail enamel, polish remover, an orange-wood stick and emery boards. It is small enough to slip into a handbag, so you can actually do your nails in the car on the way down. The case can be had in various colours and would make an attractive present; it might even be used as a gentle reminder to an unpunctual friend. It is sold most everywhere for 6s. 6d. As far as the actual shade

of enamel is concerned, Revlon produce twenty-one different colours, varying from Light Shell to lustrous Mahogany, so it is merely a question of picking one among the many winners. Pastel shades will probably be chosen for many of the autumn colours, but a deeper red could provide an unexpected contrast against the sombre browns and seaweed greens that have already been shown. The polish should be applied in long, even strokes from the very base of the nail. It will not crack or discolour, but remains an immaculate finishing touch.

Under Your Hat.

BACK from your own vacation, it is time to give your hair a holiday. After a few weeks of being dried in the sea air, sprayed, if not soaked, with sea water and bleached by the seaside sun, even the healthiest head will be showing signs of wear and tear. Regular, vigorous brushing keeps up a good circulation in the scalp, helped by massage and an occasional oil shampoo. But, since everyone's hair needs individual treatment, it is wise to consult an expert, such as Emile, 24 Conduit Street, as to the exact course to be followed. His new machineless process of permanent waving is very effective and brings unexpected beauty even to quite ordinary looking hair. Coiffures will be varied this autumn, and this specialist is past-master in the art of adapting any style to suit individual features, a necessary procedure, since extreme fashions are hardly ever flattering. Women's crowning glory, in fact, takes on a new lustre in his expert hands.



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Year after year, the Miss Can'ts of this world feel off-colour for the first few days of their holidays. They don't seem to grasp the fact that change of air, habit and diet almost invariably upset the system. For more than seventy years, sensible people like Miss Can have avoided these holiday upsets by taking a morning glass of Eno, *before* they start for their holidays and while they're away.

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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 402)

From Dovercourt, I went on to Felixstowe, where I had to fulfil a speaking engagement, and I was most agreeably struck with the attractiveness of this east coast resort. At the same time, I have no doubt in my own stomach that a considerable degree of my pleasure during my fleeting visit was derived from the surprise of finding a first-class hotel, with first-class service, and a first-class chef. In fact, I can't remember when I have eaten so well before in an English seaside hotel, unless it was at the Branksome Towers, at Bournemouth. But I have not been there since that doyen among *hôtels*, Monsieur Burdet, was promoted to the management of the Hyde Park, in Town. I know this is meant to be an article about lawn tennis, but the last paragraph is not so redundant as you may imagine, since half the happiness in playing in a tournament out of the London area is in discovering somewhere pleasant to spend your evenings and the inevitable periods when it is raining. For that reason, I cannot understand any longer why the East Coast Championships that are held in the grounds of the Felix Hotel do not usually get as good an entry as, say, the South of England Championships. I shall certainly look forward to playing in them myself one day, Hitler permitting. The only snag where I am concerned is that dogs are not allowed in the hotel. When I came out from the hotel porch, it was to be met by my chauffeur telling me that it was a case of "and so the poor dog had none." I won't bore you with my reactions. Haven't I already suggested in this article this week that dog lovers, like tennis fans, are a crazy gang apart?

If I ran a hotel or pub of any sort, I should make some sort of provision for dog owners. It wouldn't only be good nature; it would be good business. However, the incident is now closed. What is doubtless of more interest to yourself is that I discovered inside the hotel posters up to the effect that the Tilden-Budge-Vines-Stoeffen gang would be playing exhibition matches shortly on the hotel courts. That is, the very same courts on which the open tournament is presumably staged. Now, I find that very interesting. You may remember what I wrote a fortnight ago about the L.T.A. ban on professional matches being played on the courts of affiliated clubs, and how the promoters would find a way round that in the long run which would create a devastating example of the bitter-bit situation? Well, this looks like one of the first bites, and a very juicy one. I sincerely hope the gang play to capacity. And my heartiest felicitations to the Felix Hotel for having had the courage to stage a breakaway. That's the spirit which really serves the best interests of the game.

Talking of spirit, I must add one small anecdote from the Budge book on tennis that I praised so enthusiastically to you the other day. I was reminded of it, by seeing that Bitsy Grant is apparently in the running for second singles place in the American team for the Challenge Round. (So is Parker with his new forehand drive, and Sidney Wood, and Sabin, and Budge's former partner, Mako. And did you see the devastating score that Bromwich and Quist reeled off against the Wimbledon winners, Cooke and Riggs, which more than bore out what I wrote myself about their second-rateness?) On one occasion, Budge and Grant were having a blood match at White Sulphur Springs, and the latter sent up yet another of his miraculous lobs. It should have been a winner, but somehow Budge, going back fast, got under the ball and smote it down the side line. Grant stared unbelievably at the ball, and suddenly could stand it no longer. "You redhead," he exploded furiously. A roar of laughter went up from the stands. Budge, about to serve, dropped his hands to his hips and gazed quizzically at his opponent. For a moment, he almost lost his temper too. Then a huge grin spread among the freckles, and he called back, "I'll see you after the match, Bits."

There is something horribly devastating about that one word, Bits, in itself. Enough to give him an inferiority complex all his life. And his real name, Bryan, is a particularly pleasant one. Which reminds me that last weekend I had the pleasure of partnering another Bryan; an outside one this time, on the perfect hard court that Jack Hylton has built himself as part of his play retreat on the Sussex coast. Not that he can save himself from being invaded by the Crazy Gang, who are his near neighbours, but he goes on smiling and smoking a cigar between sets, when he is discussing with Bryan (Michie, of course) some fresh discoveries for their joint show. That is the proof of the really Big Man, whatever his profession: he is never content to sit pretty. And, certainly, Jack Hylton deserves all his tremendous recent success in fresh branches of the entertainment world. I like particularly the act that he has devised called "New Voices." Would that we could hear some in the dressing-rooms of our tournaments!

GODFREY WINN.

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for Miss P., a gentlewoman, aged sixty-eight, living in extreme poverty. Her parents died when she was very young and she was brought up by her grandfather and an aunt, then unmarried. Later the aunt married but about six years ago, when her husband had got through her entire fortune, he deserted and now this old lady of eighty-two has only 14s. 6d. weekly when the rent has been paid. Miss P. is devoted to the old lady and has looked after her now for many years but she has no income of her own and so the two of them are trying to exist on the miserable sum of 14s. 6d. weekly. Will you send the Friends of the Poor £6 10s. so that they may allow them 5s. weekly.



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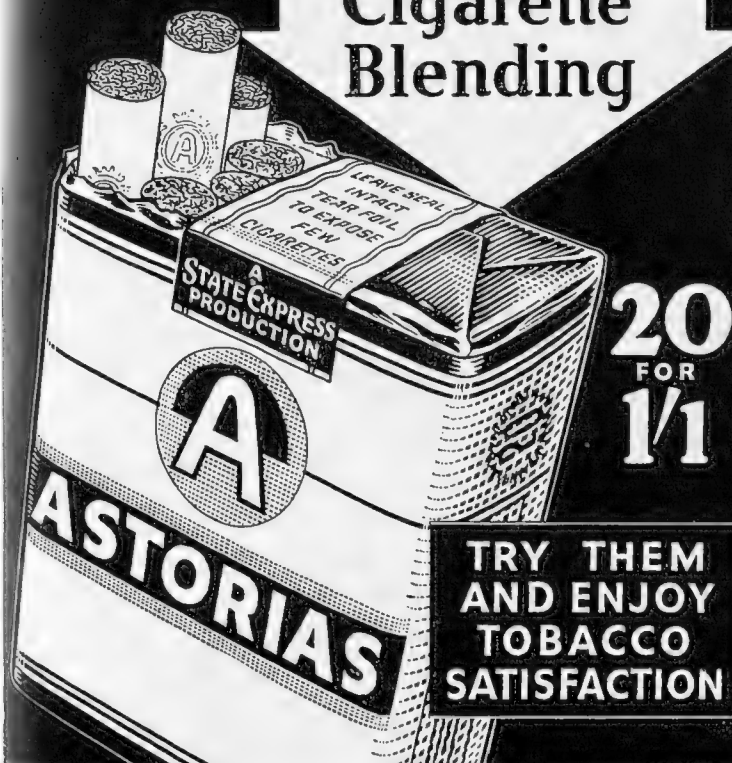
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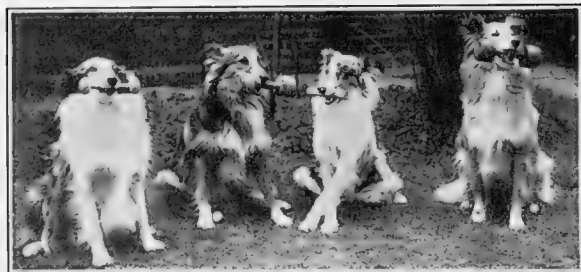
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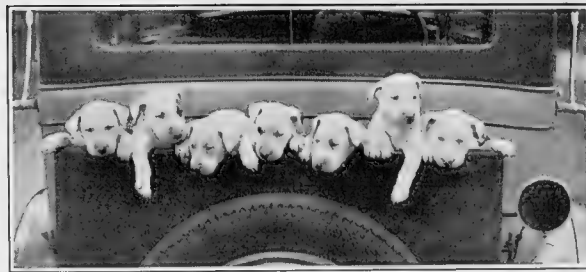
SHETLAND SHEEPDOGS

Property of Mrs. Berry

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Some legends die hard; one is that mongrels are more intelligent and hardier than pure bred dogs. This is merely not true. Why a dog should be harder because it is

finds them no trouble at all. They are also very hardy and long-lived. She has at this moment several puppies for sale, all colours, at most reasonable prices.



BULL TERRIER PUPPIES

Property of Miss Graham Weale

badly reared and badly fed is a thing no one can understand; it is not so in humans, or else why fitness campaigns? As regards intelligence, the same thing applies. A dog that has had to take its chance is a case of survival of the fittest, so is probably tough; though the mongrel I rescued from a watery grave turned out the poorest little cur I ever saw and would certainly have been happier dead. People who talk like this do not take the same line with other animals, or one breed of dog. They would scorn an underbred Hunter, a chance bred cow, or a mongrel bred Foxhound. "There's nowt so queer as fowk!"

Alsations have done good work to the canine world in general, as they were the first breed to stage obedience trials. Since then other breeds have competed, and it has been demonstrated that intelligence and biddableness are not the property of any special breed, but that almost all breeds can be trained. Some are more proficient than others and one of these is the Shetland Sheepdog, as was to be expected from a breed with Sheepdog blood. The group is of some obedience trial winners, including Ch. Jenny Wren of Crawley Ridge and Golden Boy of Inchmery, both big winners on the bench, which shows that in Shelties beauty and brains go together. Shetland Sheepdogs make ideal companions, as they have the Sheepdog devotion to one person. Mrs. Berry always has several in London with her, and



DALMATIANS AND CAVALIER KING CHARLES SPANIELS

Property of Miss Grant-Ives

A short time ago I sent up a photograph of Miss Grant-Ives's delightful Shetland ponies and am now sending one of her dogs. She has a kennel of Dalmatians and of Cavalier King Charles. The latter are great favourites with those who have them; they are rather larger than the ordinary King Charles Spaniels, and have all the Spaniel attractiveness and beauty. Being not at all snappy makes them excellent companions for children. The Dalmatian has come into great favour lately. He is a strikingly handsome dog, a lovely shape, and his spots add to his appearance. He is also much praised as a companion. Miss Grant-Ives always has puppies and adults of both these breeds for sale; they and the Shetlands can be seen by appointment at her house in Warwickshire.

The Bull Terrier has become very popular of late. He is a handsome, striking dog and makes a specially good companion and guard as Bull Terriers, though not in the least snappy or treacherous, will guard the house and their determined appearance keeps off undesirables. They are very good with children to whom they are usually devoted. Miss Graham Weale numbers Bull Terriers among her dog family and sends a delightful picture of some puppies which are for sale. Miss Graham Weale's puppies are all brought up as the family, which always brings out their characters.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Petrol Vapour—Contd. from page 410

It should be a great day, and as the vantage points permit close-ups of speed, cornering and pit stops, there should never be a dull moment.

* * *

Prepare for New Models

New models, more attractive, virile and better mannered than ever before, are making their bow to the public prior to exhibition at Earls Court in October. The S.S. "Jaguar" appears with such practical standard features as air conditioning, windscreen de-froster and mister, and universally adjustable front seats. That exceptionally eyeable car, the Talbot "Ten," has assumed a still more attractive and voguish appearance in which passenger comfort has received the most careful study. The latest six-cylinder Rovers have achieved a twenty per cent increase in engine power at the lower end of the scale, while a wider rear track and therefore wider seat, improved steering and redesigned instrument panels add to the appeal of this extremely successful range of cars. Then Citroën announces an entirely new front-wheel drive model of 22.6 h.p. rating with a six-cylinder engine actually developing 75 b.h.p. Its front-wheel individual suspension relies on torsion bars, which are also used for the rear springing.

* * *

The Vauxhall Programme

And then Vauxhalls come out with a range of still greater value and economy despite price reductions which effectively compensate for the increased horse-power tax. The front-door "ten" saloon at £159 is now four inches wider behind and is claimed to be easily the most roomy "ten" on the road. At the Luton works I learned that the enhanced appearance, decor and tone of the cars was largely due to the appointment of a "stylist" to the staff.



GEORGE FORMBY'S NEW LEADING LADY

Pat Kirkwood, the young British actress, will be seen with George Formby in a new film this month. The title of this successor to *Trouble Brewing* is aptly enough *Where's George?* and is warranted to keep up the Lancashire humourist's amazingly high reputation. Miss Kirkwood has been on the stage for three years and played Dandine in *Cinderella* at Liverpool last year

Now a stylist is a man or woman who "dolls up" a liner, bridge, motor car, or locomotive to look presentable to modern eyes. These people are highly paid in America, two of the best known being Raymond Loewy, who made a new locomotive look like a bullet at World's Fair, and Norman Bel Geddes who was responsible for General Motors' astonishing "Futurama." Well, the Vauxhall stylist has certainly imparted an air of good taste into the latest models, his treatment of the instrument panel being typical in its restraint and effectiveness.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

On Monday next, September 4, at the Streatham Hill Theatre, Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook and Rex Harrison will appear in the original parts in that successful play *Design for Living*, and the following week *Alien Corn* will be presented with Margaretta Scott, John Clements and Hartley Power.

* * *

General Film Distributors, Ltd., have created what will no doubt prove a noteworthy precedent with their "repeat" version of *The Mikado*—a new film screening technique which enables exhibitors to give an encore to the most popular song numbers in the screen version of this famous Gilbert & Sullivan opera. This has been tried out in a number of theatres with such unqualified success that General Film Distributors propose to supply the encore version of the film for all bookings from August 28 onwards. Before the commencement of the picture, the manager of the theatre makes a short speech explaining the new process to the audience. He asks them to applaud heartily at the conclusion of any song numbers they have enjoyed so much that they would like a repetition. In this way, according to public opinion, an encore is given or withheld. It is certain that this experiment, which is unique in the history of film presentation in this country, will add tremendously to the public appreciation of the film. Furthermore, it marks a vital step forward in the progress of the British film industry.

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The ceremony will be at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

Recently Engaged.

* * *
Captain D. E. B. Talbot, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Talbot, The White House, Tonbridge, and Barbara Anne, only daughter of the Rev. R. B. and Mrs. Pyper, The Rectory, Pluckley, Kent; Mr. R. W. Colville-Wallis, only son of the late Rev. W. Colville-Wallis, and the late Mrs. Colville-Wallis, of Newmarket, and Judith, younger daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood and Lady Birdwood, of Deal Castle, Kent; Captain H. E. F. Middleton, Royal Signals, and Trans-Jordan Frontier Force, younger son of Captain G. Middleton, M.B.E., and Mrs. Middleton, and Mona Patricia Macaulay, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. K. A. Macaulay, D. S. O., R.E. (retd.), and Mrs. Macaulay, of The Long House, Coombe Warren,

Some Early September Weddings.

A wedding in Cork on September 2 is that of Captain J. F. F. Lathbury, Royal Engineers, and Miss Hilda Betty Dudgeon. This will take place at St. Barre's Cathedral, Cork. In London on the same day Squadron-Leader V. S. Erskine-Lindop marries Miss A. M. Gibson at All Souls' Church, Langham Place; and on September 6 is the wedding of Colonel W. G. Glencairn-Campbell, O.B.E., H.Q. 7th Division, Jerusalem, only son of the late Charles John Francis Campbell and Mrs. Cremieu Javal, and Charmian Cecil de Vere, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Brinton, of Belbroughton, Worcestershire. The ceremony will be at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Victor Hey
MR. AND MRS. H. R. BAKER

After their recent marriage at Cloughton Church, near Scarborough. The bride was formerly Miss Bertha Gaunt, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gaunt, and a well-known member of the Staintondale Hunt and the Derwent Hunt

Kingston-Hill; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel A. de L. Cazenove, Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Arthur Philip Cazenove, and Mrs. Cazenove, and Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Sir Eustace Gurney and Lady Gurney, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk; Lieutenant J. M. Palmer, R.N., H.M.S. Dundee, only son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Palmer, South Mundham, near Chichester, and Daphne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bluck, Bewdley, Pembroke, Bermuda; Mr. T. G. Hazel, Royal Artillery, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hazel, Westcliff, and Cynthia Marjorie Ann, only child of William Howard Thatcher-Gale, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and of the late Mrs. Thatcher-Gale; Mr. R. N. James, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Warwick James, of Portland Place and Hurley, Berks, and Christiane Tronchin, of Château de Lavigny, Vaud, Switzerland, younger daughter of the late Mr. R. Tronchin, and Mme. Monroe, of Bois de Caran, Geneva and 7 Rue le Sueur, Paris; Mr. A. N. Druce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Druce, of West End House, Hambledon, Hampshire, and Jean Suzanna younger daughter of Brigadier-General G. H. Boileau, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Boileau, Rosehill House, Par, Cornwall; Mr. J. A. L. Fowler, Royal Air Force, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Fowler, Old Cottage, Horem, Sussex, and Margaret Jean, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dunlop, of Secunderabad, India; Mr. H. J. C. Hodges, and Miss Elizabeth Joan Pavitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Pavitt.



MISS JOSEPHINE LOVATT

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lovatt, of Meeson Hall, Shropshire, who is engaged to Captain C. F. Hutt, R.A., the eldest son of the late Captain F. R. Hutt and Mrs. Hutt, of Manor House, Harting, Sussex



Before



After

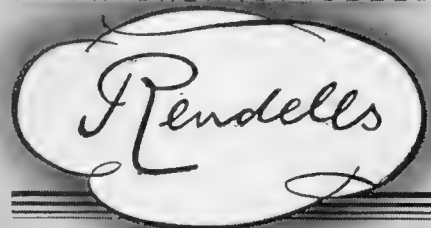
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Overcoat in new
Autumn wool cloth
lengths 39-43 **40/-**

Suit in autumn
frieze material,
to fit ages
12-14 **40/-**

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* May we send you a Boys' and Girls' Catalogue



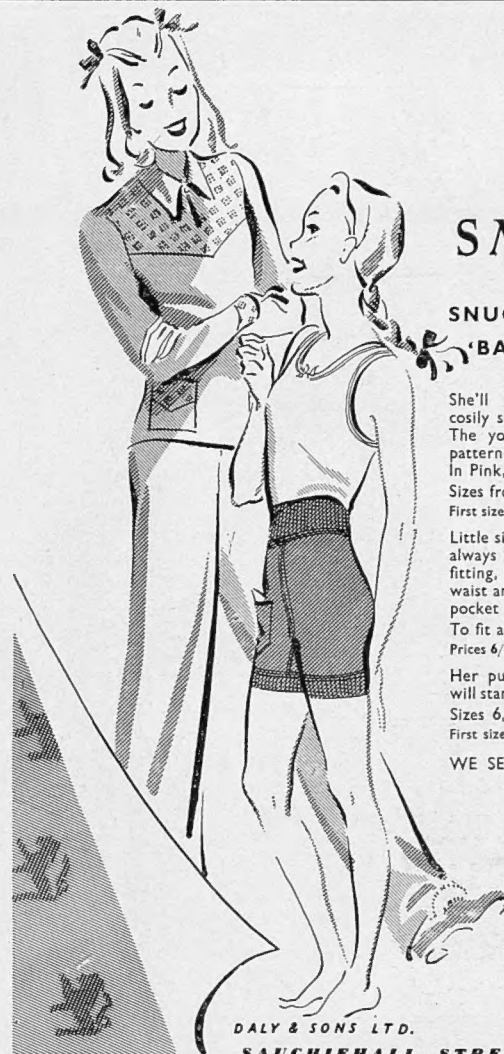
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SNUG WOOLLIES FOR
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She'll love these tailored pyjamas,
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The yoke, cuffs and pockets daintily
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In Pink, etc., etc.
Sizes from 26 in. to 34 in.
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To fit ages 5 to 16 years.

Prices 6/- to 7/6, rising 3d. per size.

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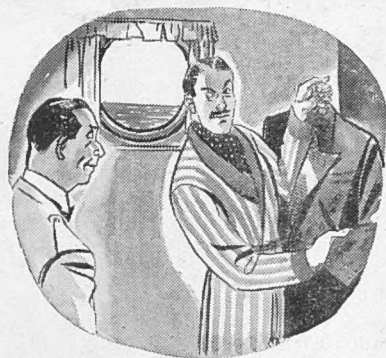
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**"CANADA'S
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A Masterpiece Designed for Better Living



A HA'PORTH OF TAR

"Steward, there's tar on my dinner jacket."

"Yessir. Off the rigging, Sir. We told you it was wet, Sir, but you wouldn't take no notice. Up you went like a two-year-old."

"I see. And what did I do next?"

"You sang some songs, Sir. Greatly appreciated they was. Some of the crew asked me if you'd be so good as to write out the words."

"I'll have to think about that, Steward. So altogether it was a pretty matey night?"

"There's been nothing like it on the Western Ocean, Sir, since the good old days of Prohibition."

All the other gentlemen are confined to their bunks, Sir. They say it was the lobster mayonnaise."

"Lobster grandmother! Why didn't they stick to gin and Rose's as I did? I haven't got a hangover."

"You're not the first gentleman I've heard say that about Rose's Lime Juice. Not by a long chalk."

"Good. And now I think I could do with an eye-opener—a nice stiff gin and Rose's. I suppose the sun is over the yardarm?"

"Sir, the sun is permanently over the yardarm on the Western Ocean."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S.

Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

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 TO DO WITH ME?**

NO!—You don't race a grand-prix car. You can't do 150 m.p.h. You don't even want to. But what about those long, gruelling spells when you get out of town . . . 50 . . . 60 . . . 70 . . . with a full load, your foot down, and miles of clear road ahead of you. It's fun, isn't it? *But remember this—* you're asking even more from your engine than the race driver from his! And that's just the time when you must have a good oil to protect it. Price's Motorine will give you the maximum possible protection—under all driving conditions. Why? Because the fatty oil blended with Motorine will stand up to terrific heat and speed without drying up. Use Motorine—you're safeguarding your engine against untimely repairs. And remember this—Motorine costs no more than other high-grade oils.

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